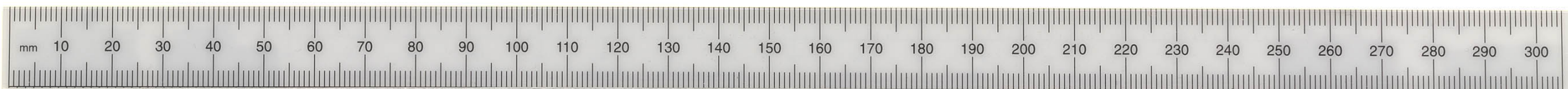


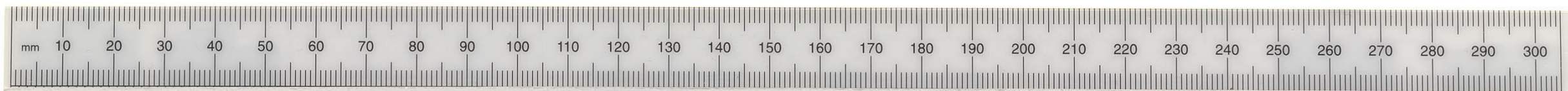
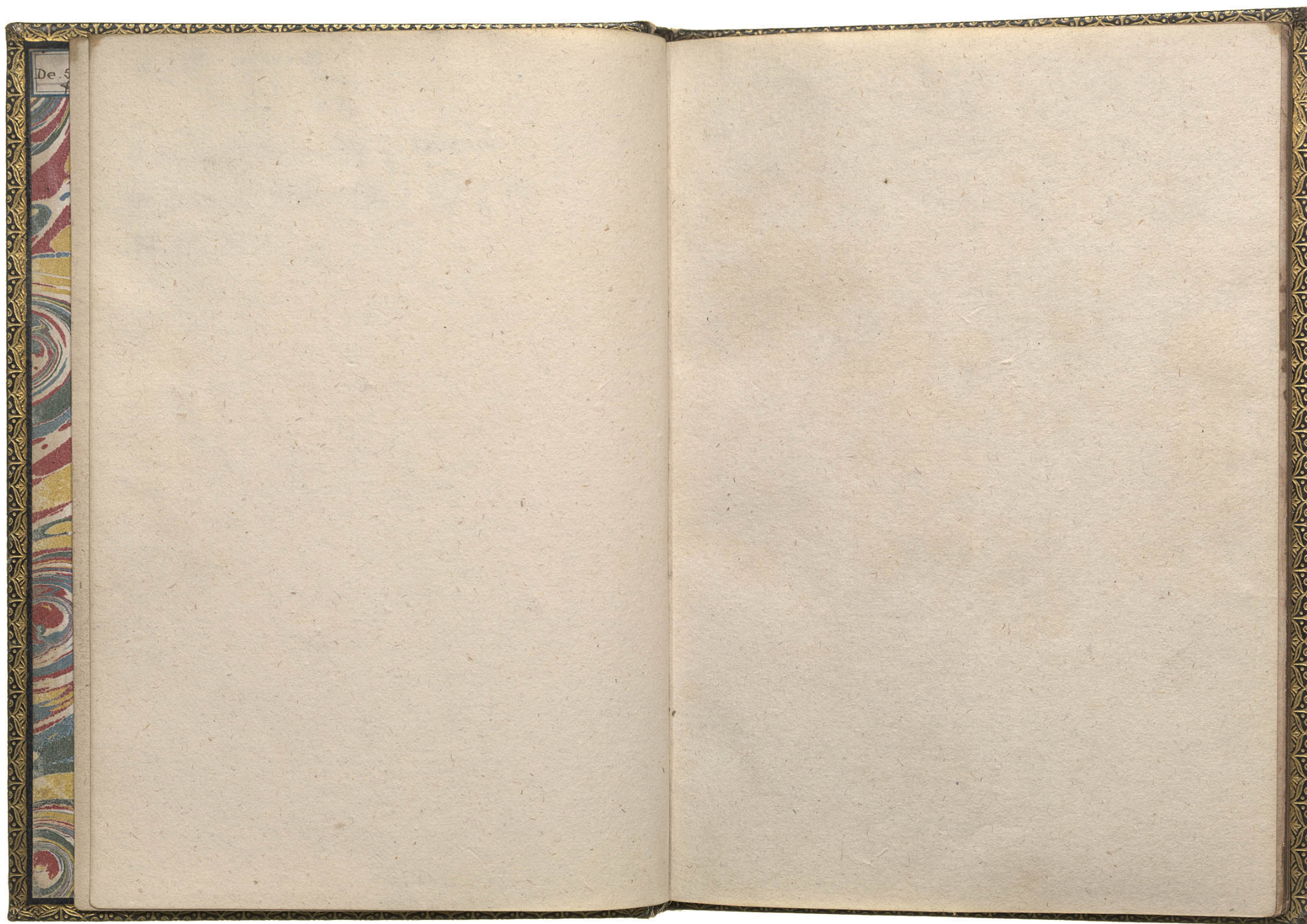
De. 5

Given by William Hog of Harsana in 1700.
See Donation Book (Da. 1. 31) f. 58.

N. 18. 31

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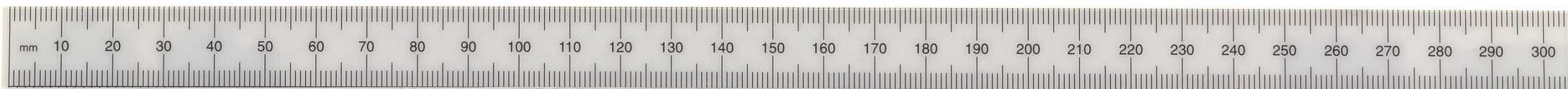


De. 5
A. H. C. 23000
The most lamenta-
ble Romaine Tragedie of *Titus*
Andronicus. ~~F. 66~~

As it hath sundry times beene playde by the
Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke, the
Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Suffex, and the
Lorde Chamberlaine theyr
Seruants.



AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. for Edward White
and are to bee solde at his shoppe, at the little
North doore of Paules, at the signe of
the Gun. 1600.



De. 5

ES. 2. 31

The most lamentable Romaine
Tragedie of *Titus Andronicus*: As it was plaid
by the Right Honorable the Earle of Darbie, Earle
of Pembroke, and Earle of Suffex
theyr Seruants.

*Enter the Tribunes and Senatours aloft: And then enter
Saturninus and his followers at one doore, and Bassianus and his
followers, with Drums and Trumpets.*

Saturninus.

Noble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
Defend the iustice of my cause with armes.
And Countrimen my louing followers,
Plead my successiue Title with your swords:
I am his first borne sonne, that was the last
That ware the Imperiall Diademe of Rome,
Then let my Fathers honours liue in mee,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignitie.

Bassianus.

Romaines, friends, followers, fauourers of my right,
If euer *Bassianus* *Cesars* sonne,
Were gracious in the eyes of royall Rome,
Keepe then this passage to the Capitoll,
And suffer not dishonour to approch,
The Imperiall seate to vertue, consecrate
To iustice, continence, and Nobilitie:
But let desert in pure election shine,
And Romaines fight for freedome in your choice.

A 2

Marcus

The most lamentable Tragedie

Marcus Andronicus with the Crowne.

Princes that strue by factions and by friendes
Ambitiously for Rule and Emperie,
Know that the people of Rome for whom we stand
A speciall Partie, haue by common voyce,
Inlection for the Romaine Emperie
Chosen *Andronicus*, surnamed *Pius*,
For many good and great deserts to Rome:
A nobler man, a brauer Warriour,
Liues not this day within the Citty walls.
He by the Senate is accited home,
From wearie warres against the barbarous Gothes,
That with his sonnes (a terrour to our foes)
Hath yoakt a Nation strong, traird vp in Armes.
Tenne yeeres are spent since first he vndertooke
This cause of Rome, and chastised with Armes
Our enemies pride: Fiue times he hath returnd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sonnes
In Coffins from the fielde,
And now at last, laden with honours spoyles
Returnes the good *Andronicus* to Rome,
Renowned *Titus* flourishing in Armes.
Let vs intreate by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would haue now succede,
And in the Capitall and Senates right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength,
Disinisse your followers, and as futers should,
Pleade your deserts in peace and humblenes.

Saturninus.

How faire the Tribune speakes to calme my thoughts.

Basianus.

Marcus Andronicus, so I doe affie,

In

of *Titus Andronicus*.

In thy vprighnes and integrity,
And so I loue and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother *Titus* and his sonnes,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious *Lavinia*, Romes rich Ornament,
That I will heere dismisle my louing friends:
And to my fortunes and the peoples fauour,
Commit my cause in ballance to be waid. *Exit Souldiers.*

Saturninus.

Erriends that haue beene thus forward in my right.
I thanke you all, and heere dismisle you all,
And to the loue and fauour of my Country,
Commit my selfe, my person, and the cause:
Rome be as iust and gracious vnto me,
As I am confident and kinde to thee.
Open the gates and let me in.

Basianus. Tribunes and me a poore Competitor.

They goe vp into the Senate house.

Enter a Captaine.

Romaines make way, the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of vertue, Romes best Champion:
Succesfull in the battailes that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is returnd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoake the enemies of Rome.

Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and then enter two of Titus sonnes, and then two men bearing a Coffin couered with blacke, then two other sonnes, then Titus Andronicus, and then Tamora the Queene of Gothes and her two sonnes, Chiron and Demetrius, with Aron the More, and others, as many as can be, then set downe the Coffin, and Titus speakes.

A 3

Titus.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Titus. Haile Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds,
Loe as the Barke that hath dischargd his freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she wayd her anchorage;
Commeth *Andronicus*, bound with Lawrell bowes,
To resalute his Country with his teares,
Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gracious to the rights that we entend.
Romaines, of fife and twenty valiant sonnes,
Halfe of the number that king *Priam* had,
Behold the poore remaines aliue and dead:
These that suruiue, let Rome reward with loue:
These that I bring vnto their latest home,
With buriall amongst their auncestors.
Heere *Gothes* haue giuen me leaue to sheath my sword,
Titus vnkind, and carelesse of thine owne,
Why sufferst thou thy sonnes vnburied yet,
To houer on the dreadfull shore of *Stix*,
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

They open the Tombe.

There greete in silence as dead are wont,
And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres:
O sacred Receptacle of my ioyes,
Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobility,
How many sonnes hast thou of mine in store,
That thou wilt neuer render to me more.

Lucius. Giue vs the proudest prisoner of the *Gothes*.
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manus fratrum, sacrifice his flesh:
Before this earthy prison of their bones,
That so the shadowes be not vnappeard,
Nor we disturbd with prodigies on earth.

Titus.

of Titus Andronicus.

Titus. I giue him you, the noblest that suruiues,
The eldest sonne of this distressed Queene.

Tamo. Stay Romaine brethren, gracious Conquerer,
Victorious *Titus*, rue the teares I shed,
A mothers teares in passion for her sonne:
And if thy sonnes were euer deere to thee,
Oh thinke my sonne to be as deere to mee.
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome
To beautifie thy triumphs, and returne
Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake,
But must my sonnes be slaughtered in the streetes,
For valiant dooings in theyr Countries cause?
O if to fight for King and common weale,
Were pietie in thine, it is in these:

Andronicus, staine not thy tombe with blood.
Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?
Draw neere them then in being mercifull,
Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,
Thrice noble *Titus* spare my first borne sonne.

Titus. Patient your selfe Madam, and pardon me.
These are theyr brethren, whom you *Gothes* beheld
Aliue and dead, and for theyr brethren slaine,
Religiously they aske a sacrifice:
To this your sonne is markt, and die he must,
T'appease their groning shadowes that are gone.

Lucius. Away with him, and make a fire straight,
And with our swords vpon a pile of wood,
Lets hew his limbs till they be cleane consumde.

Exit Titus sonnes with Alarbus.

Tamora. O cruell irreligious pietie.

Chiron. Was euer Sythia halfe so barbarous?

Demet. Oppose not Sythia to ambitious Rome,
Alarbus goes to rest and we suruiue,
To tremble vnder *Titus* threatning looke,

Then

The most lamentable Tragedie

Then Madam stand resolu'd, but hope withall,
The selfe same Gods that arme the Queene of Troy
With opportunitie of sharpe reuenge
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May fauour *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queene)
To quit the bloodie wrongs vpon her foes.

Enter the sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Lucius. See Lord and father how we haue performd
Our Romaine rights, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt,
And intrals feede the sacrificing fire,
VWhose smoke like incense doth perfume the skie,
Remaineth nought but to interre our brethren,
And with lowd larums welcome them to Rome.

Titus. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his latest farewell to theyr soules.

Sound trumpets, and lay the Coffin in the Tombe.

In peace and honour rest you heere my sonnes,
Romes readiest Champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps:
Here lurks no treason, here no enuie swels,
Here grow no damned drugges, here are no stormes,
No noyse, but silence and eternall sleepe,
In peace and honour rest you heere my sonnes.

Enter Lavinia.

In peace and honour, liue Lord *Titus* long,
My noble Lord and Father liue in fame:
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my brethrens obsequies:
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome,
O blesse me heere with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Romes best Cittizens applaud.

Titus. Kind Rome, that hast thys louingly reserude

The

of Titus Andronicus.

The cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lavinia liue, out liue thy Fathers dayes,
And Fames eternall date for vertues praise.

Marcus. Long liue Lord *Titus*, my beloued brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome.

Titus. Thankes gentle Tribune, noble brother *Marcus*.

Marcus. And welcome Nephews from succesful wars,
You that suruiue, and you that sleepe in fame:
Faile Lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your Countries seruice drew your swords,
But safer triumph is this funerall pompe,
That hath aspired to *Solons* happines,
And triumphs ouer chaunce in honors bed.

Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in iustice thou hast euer beene,
Send thee by mee their Tribune and their trust,
This Palliament of white and spotlesse hue,
And name thee in election for the Empire,
With these our late deceased Emperours sonnes:
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,
And helpe to set a head on headles Rome.

Titus. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his that shakes for age and feeblenes:
What should I don this Roabe and trouble you,
Be chosen with Proclamations to day,
To morrow yeeld vp rule, resigne my life,
And set abroad new busines for you all.
Rome I haue beene thy souldier fortie yeeres,
And led my Countries strength succesfully,
And buried one and twentie valiant sonnes
Knighted in Field, slaine manfully in Armes,
In right and seruice of their noble Countrie:
Giue me a staffe of Honour for mine age,
But not a scepter to controule the world,

B.

Vpright

The most lamentable Tragedie

Vpright he held it Lords, that held it last.

Marcus. *Titus*, thou shalt obtaine & aske the Emperie.

Satur. Proud and ambitious Tribune canst thou tell.

Titus. Patience Prince *Saturninus*.

Satur. Romaines doe me right.

Patricians draw your swords, and sheath them not
Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour :

Andronicus, would thou were shipt to hell,
Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.

Lucius. Proude *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
That noble minded *Titus* meanes to thee.

Titus. Content thee prince, I will restore to thee
The peoples harts, and weane them from themselves.

Basian. *Andronicus*, I doe not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will doe till I die :
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friend,
I will most thankfull be, and thanks to men
Of noble mindes, is honorable meede.

Titus. People of Rome, and peoples Tribunes here,
I aske your voyces and your suffrages,
Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus* ?

Tribunes. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
And gratulate his safe returne to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Titus. Tribunes I thanke you, and this sute I make,
That you create your Emperours eldest sonne,
Lord *Saturnine*, whose vertues will I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Tytans raies on earth,
And ripen iustice in this Common weale :
Then if you will elect by my aduise,
Crowne him, and say, Long liue our Emperour.

Marcus. An. With voyces & applause of euery sort.
Patricians and Plebeans, we create
Lord *Saturninus* Romes great Emperour,

And

of Titus Andronicus.

And say, Long liue our Emperour *Saturnine*.

Saturni. *Titus Andronicus*, for thy fauours done,
To vs in our election this day,

I giue thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deedes requite thy gentlenes :

And for an onset *Titus* to aduance
Thy name, and honorable familie,

Lavinia will I make my Empreffe,
Romes royall Mistris, Mistris of my hart,

And in the sacred *Pathan* her espouse :
Tell me *Andronicus*, doth this motion please thee.

Titus. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,
I hold me highly honoured of your Grace,

And heere in sight of Rome to *Saturnine*,
King and Commander of our common weale,

The wide worlds Emperour, doe I consecrate,
My sword, my Chariot, and my prisoners,

Presents well worthy Romes imperious Lord :
Receiue them then, the tribute that I owe,

Mine honours Ensignes humbled at thy feete.
Satur. Thanks noble *Titus*, Father of my life,

How proude I am of thee, and of thy gifts
Rome shall record, and when I doe forget

The least of these vnspeakable deserts,
Romans forget your fealtie to me.

Titus. Now Madam are you prisoner to an Emperour,
To him that for your honour and your state,

Will vse you nobly, and your followers.
Satur. A goodly Lady, trust me of the hue

That I would choose, were I to choose a newe :
Cleere vp faire Queene that cloudy countenance,

Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheere,
Thou comst not to be made a scorne in Rome.

Princely shall be thy vsage euery way.

B 2

Rest

The most lamentable Tragedie

Rest on my word, and let not discontent,
Daunt all your hopes, Madame he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the Queene of *Gothes*,
Lavinia you are not displeasde with this.

Lavinia. Not I my Lord, sith true Nobilitie,
Warrants these words in princely curtesie.

Satur. Thankes sweet *Lavinia*, Romans let vs goe,
Raunfomes heere we set our prisoners free,
Proclaime our honours Lords with trumpe and Drum.

Basianus. Lord *Titus* by your leaue, this maide is mine.

Titus. How fir, are you in earnest then my Lord?

Basia. I noble *Titus*, and resolute withall,
To doe my selfe this reason and this right.

Marcus. *Suum cuique* is our Romane iustice,
This Prince in iustice ceazeth but his owne.

Lucius. And that he will and shall, if *Lucius* liue.

Titus. Traytors auant, where is the Emperours gard?
Treason my Lord, *Lavinia* is surprizde.

Satur. Surprizde, by whom?

Basia. By him that iustly may
Beare his betrothde from all the world away.

Mutius. Brothers, helpe to conuey her hence away,
And with my sword Ile keepe this doore safe.

Titus. Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her back.

Mutius. My Lord you passe not heere.

Titus. What villaine boy, barst me my way in Rome?

Mutius. Helpe *Lucius*, helpe.

Lucius. My Lord you are vniust, and more then so,
In wrongfull quarrell you haue slaine your sonne.

Titus. Nor thou, nor he, are any sonnes of mine,
My sonnes would neuer so dishonour me,
Traytor restore *Lavinia* to the Emperour.

Lucius. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is anothers lawfull promist loue.

Enter

of *Titus Andronicus*.

Enter aloft the Emperour with *Tamora* and her two
sonnes, and *Aron the Moore*.

Emperour. No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke:
Ile trust by leysure, him that mocks me once,
Thee neuer, nor thy trayterous haughty sonnes,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was none in Rome to make a stale
But *Saturnine*? Full well *Andronicus*
Agree these deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,
That saidst I begd the Empire at thy hands.

Titus. O monstrous, what reprochfull words are these?

Satur. But goe thy wayes, goe giue that changing peece,
To him that flourishd for her with his sword:
A valiant sonne in law thou shalt enioy,
One fit to bandy with thy lawlesse sonnes,
To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.

Titus. These words are razors to my wounded hart.

Satur. And therefore louely *Tamora* Queene of *Gothes*,
That like the stately *Thebe* mongst her Nymphs,
Dost ouershine the gallant st Dames of Rome,
If thou be pleasd with this my sodaine choise,
Behold I choose thee *Tamora* for my Bride,
And will create thee Empresse of Rome.
Speake Queene of *Gothes* do'st thou applaud my choise?
And heere I sweare by all the Romaine Gods,
Sith Priest and holy water are so neere,
And tapers burne so bright, and euery thing
In readines for *Hymeneus* stand,
I will not resalute the streetes of Rome,
Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this place,
I leade espowld my Bride along with me.

Tamora. And heere in sight of heauen to Rome I sweare,
If *Saturnine* aduance the Queene of *Gothes*,

B 3

Shee

The most lamentable Tragedie

Shee will a handmaide be to his desires,
A louing Nurse, a Mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend faire Queene: Pantheon Lords accompany
Your Noble Emperour and his louely Bride,
Sent by the Heauens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whose wisdom hath her Fortune conquered,
There shall we consummate our spousall rites.

Exeunt omnes.

Titus. I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride,
Titus when wert thou wont to walke alone,
Dishonoured thus and challenged of wrongs.

Enter Marcus and Titus sonnes.

Marcus. O *Titus* see: O see what thou hast done
In a bad quarrell slaine a vertuous sonne.

Titus. No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deede,
That hath dishonoured all our Family,
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy sonnes.

Lucius. But let vs giue him buriall as becomes,
Giue *Mucius* buriall with our bretheren.

Titus. Traytors away, he rests not in this tombe:
This monument fve hundred yeares hath stood,
Which I haue sumptuously reedified:
Heere none but Souldiers and Romes Seruitors
Repose in fame: None basely slaine in braules,
Bury him where you can he comes not heere.

Marcus. My Lord this is impiety in you,
My Nephew *Mutius* deeds doo plead for him,
He must be buried with his bretheren.

Titus two sonnes speakes.

And shall, or him we will accompany.

Titus. And shall. What villaine was it spake that word?

Titus sonne speakes.

He that would vouch it in any place but heere.

Titus

of *Titus Andronicus.*

Titus. What would you bury him in my despight?
Marcus. No noble *Titus*, but intreate of thee.

To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.

Titus. *Marcus*: Euen thou hast stroke vpon my crest.
And with these boyes mine honour thou hast wounded,
My foes I doe repute you euery one.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

3. Sonne. He is not with himselfe, let vs withdraw.

2. Sonne. Not I till *Mutius* bones be buried.

The brother and the sonnes kneele.

Marcus. Brother, for in that name doth nature pleade.

2. Sonne. Father, and in that name doth nature speake.

Titus. Speake thou no more, if all the rest will speede.

Marcus. Renowned *Titus*, more then halfe my soule.

Lucius. Deare Father, soule and substance of vs all.

Marcus. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interre,

His noble Nephew heere in vertues nest,
That died in honour and *Lauius* cause.

Thou art a Romaine, be not barbarous:

The Greekes vpon aduise did bury *Ajax*

That slew himselfe: and wife *Laertes* sonne,

Did graciously plead for his Funerals:

Let not young *Mutius* then that was thy ioy,

Be bard his entrance heere.

Titus. Rise *Marcus*, rise,

The dismalst day is this that ere I saw,

To be dishonoured by my sonnes in Rome:

Well bury him, and bury me the next.

They put him in the tombe.

Lucius. There lie thy bones sweet *Mutius* with thy friends,
Till we with Trophees doo adorne thy tombe:

They all kneele and say,

No man shed teares for noble *Mutius*,

He liues in fame, that dide in vertues cause.

Exit.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Exit all but *Marcus* and *Titus*.

Marcus. My Lord to step out of these drie dumps,
How comes it that the subtile Queene of *Goths*,
Is of a sodaine thus aduanc'd in Rome.

Titus. I know not *Marcus*, but I know it is.
(Whether by deuise or no, the heauens can tell.)
Is she not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turne so farre.

Enter the Emperour, *Tamora* and her two sonnes, with the Moore
at one doore. Enter at the other doore *Basianus* and
Lavinia, with others.

Saturnine. So *Basianus*, you haue plaid your prize,
God giue you ioy fir of your gallant Bride.

Basianus. And you of yours my Lord, I say no more,
Nor with no lesse, and so I take my leaue.

Saturnine. Traytor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this Rape.

Basianus. Rape call you it my Lord to ceaze my owne,
My true betrothed loue, and now my wife:
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while am I possesse of that is mine.

Saturnine. Tis good sir, you are very short with vs.
But if we liue, wee be as sharpe with you.

Basianus. My Lord what I haue done as best I may.
Answer I must, and shall doo with my life,
Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This Noble Gentleman Lord *Titus* heere,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the rescue of *Lavinia*,
With his owne hand did slay his youngest sonne,
In zeale to you, and highly mou'd to wrath,

To

of *Titus Andronicus*.

To be contrould in that he franklie gaue,
Receauie him then to fauour *Saturnine*,
That hath exprest himselfe in all his deedes
A Father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Titus. Prince *Basianus* leaue to plead my deedes,
Tis thou, and those, that haue dishonoured me,
Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,
How I haue lou'd and honoured *Saturnine*.

Tamora. My worthy Lord, if euer *Tamora*,
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then heare me speake indifferently for all:
And at my sute (sweete) pardon what is past.

Satur. What Madam, be dishonoured openly,
And basely put it vp without reuenge.

Tamora. Not so my Lord, the Gods of Rome forsend
I should be Author to dishonour you.

But on mine honour dare I vndertake,
For good Lord *Titus* innocence in all:
Whose furie not dissembled speakes his greefes:
Then at my sute looke graciously on him,
Loose not so noble a friend on vaine suppose,
Nor with sowre looks afflict his gentle hart.

My Lord, be rulde by me, be wonne at last,
Dissemble all your greefes and discontents,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Least then the people, and Patricians too,
Vpon a iust suruay take *Titus* part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a hainous sinne.
Yelde at intreates: and then let me alone,
Ile finde a day to massacre them all,
And race their faction and their familie,
The cruell Father, and his trayterous sonnes,
To whom I sued for my deere sonnes life.

C.

And

The most lamentable Tragedie

And make them know what tis to let a Queene,
Kneele in the streets, and begge for grace in vaine.
Come, come sweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus*),
Take vp thys good old man, and cheere the hart,
That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne.

Satur. Rise Titus rise, my Empreffe hath preuaild.

Titus. I thanke your maiestie, and her my Lord.
These wordes, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tamora. Titus I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must aduise the Emperour for his good,
Thys day all quarrels die *Andronicus*.

And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I haue reconciled your friends and you.
For you prince *Bassianus* I haue past
My word and promise to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.

And feare not Lords, and you *Lavinia*,
By my aduise all humbled on your knees,
You shall aske pardon of his Maiestie.

We doe, and vowe to heauen, and to his highnes,
That what we did, was mildly as we might,
Tending our sisters honour and our owne.

Marcus. That on mine honour heere I doe protest.

Satur. Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.

Tamora. Nay, nay sweet Emperour, we must all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, sweet hart looke back.

Satur. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brothers heere,
And at my louelic *Tamoras* intreats,
I doe remit these young mens hainous faults,
Stand vp: *Lavinia*, though you left me like a churle,
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a Batchiler from the priest.

Come

of Titus Andronicus.

Come, if the Emperours court can feast two Brides,
You are my guest *Lavinia*, and your friendes:
Thys day shall be a loue-day *Tamora*.

Titus. To morrow and it please your maiestie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horne and hound, wee le giue your grace bon iour.

Satur. Be it so Titus, and gramercie to. *Exeunt.*

Sound trumpets, manet Moore.

Aron. Now climeth *Tamora* Olympus toppe,
Safe out of Fortunes shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of thunders cracke or lightning flash,
Aduanc'd aboue pale enuies threatning reach,
As when the golden sunne salutes the morne,
And hauing gilt the Ocean with his beames,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his glistering coach,
And ouer-looks the highest piercing hills.

So *Tamora*.

Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue stoops and trembles at her frowne.
Then *Aron* arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Mistris,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fettred in amorous chaines,
And faster bound to *Arons* charming eyes,
Then is *Prometheus* tyde to *Caucasus*.

Away with slauiish weedes and seruile thoughts,
I will be bright, and shine in pearle and gold,
To waite vpon this new made Emperesse.
To waite said I? to wanton with this Queene,
This Goddesse, this *Semerimis*, this Nymph,
Thys Syren, that will charme Romes *Saturnine*,
And see his shipwracke, and his Common-weales.
Hollo, what storme is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius brauing.

C 2

Deme-

The most lamentable Tragedie

Deme. Chiron thy yeeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intrude where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou knowest affected be.

Chiron. Demetrius, thou doost ouerweene in all,
And so in this, to beare me downe with braues,
Tis not the difference of a yeere or two
Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able and as fit as thou,
To serue, and to deserue my Mistris grace,
And that my sword vpon thee shall approue,
And pleade my passions for *Lavinia* loue.

Moore. Clubs, clubs, these louers will not keepe the peace.

Deme. Why boy, although our mother (vnaduizd)
Gaue you a daunsing rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate growne to threat your friends:
Goe too: haue your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chiron. Meane while sir, with the little skill I haue,
Full well shalt thou perceiue how much I dare.

Deme. Boy, grow yee so braue? *they draw.*

Aron. Why how now Lords?

So neere the Emperours pallace dare you draw,
And maintaine such a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote the ground of all this grudge,
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were knowne to them it most concernes,
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonoured in the Court of *Rome*.
For shame put vp.

Deme. Not I, till I haue sheathd
My rapier in his bosome, and withall
Thrust those reprochfull speeches downe his throate,
That he hath breathd in my dishonour heere.

Chiron. For that I am prepard, and full resolute,

Foule

of Titus Andronicus.

Foule spoken Coward, that thundrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing darst performe.

Moore. Away I say.

Now by the Gods that warlike *Gothes* adore,
This petty brabble will vndoo vs all:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to iet vpon a Princes right?

What is *Lavinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bascianus* so degenerate,
That for her loue such quarrels may be brocht,
Without controlement, iustice, or reuenge.
Young Lords beware, and should the Empresse know,
This discords ground, the musicke would not please.

Chiron. I care not I, knew she and all the world,
I loue *Lavinia* more then all the world. (choise,

Demetrius. Youngling learne thou to make some meaner
Lavinia is thine elder brothers hope.

Moore. Why are ye mad? or know yee not in *Rome*
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke competitors in loue?
I tell you Lords, you doo but plot your deaths;
By this deuise.

Chiron. *Aron*, A thousand deaths would I propo-
To atchiue her whom I loue.

Aron. To atchiue her how?

Demetrius. Why makes thou it so strange?
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
Shee is a woman, therefore may be wone,
Shee is *Lavinia*, therefore must be lou'd.
What man, more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the Miller of, and easie it is,
Of a cut loose to steale a shiue we know:
Though *Bascianus* be the Emperours brother,
Better than he haue worne *Vulcans* badge.

C 2

Moore

The most lamentable Tragedie

Moore. I, and as good as *Saturninus* may.

Demet. Then why should hee dispaire that knowes to
With words, faire lookes, & liberality. (court it)

What hast not thou full often strooke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?

Moore. Why then it seemes some certaine snatch, or so
Would serue your turnes.

Chiron. I so the turne were serued.

Demet. Aron thou hast hit it.

Moore. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tirde with this adoo.
Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you such fooles,
To square for this: would it offend you then
That both should speede.

Chiron. Faith not me.

Demet. Nor me, so I were one.

Aron. For shame be friends, and ioyne for that you iar,
Tis pollicie and stratageme must doe
That you affect, and so must you resolute,
That what you cannot as you would atchieue,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaste
Than this *Lavinia*, *Bascianus* loue.

A speedier course this lingring languishment
Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:
My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand,
There will the louely Romaine Ladies troope:
The forrest walkes are wide and spacious,
And many vnfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:
Single you thither then this daintie Doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words,
Thys way or riot at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our Empreffe with her sacred wit

To

of *Titus Andronicus*.

To villanie and vengeance consecrate,
Vill we acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines with aduise,
That will not suffer you to square your selues,
But to your wishes hight aduance you both.
The Emperours court is like the house of fame,
The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, and eares:
The woods are ruthles, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:
There speake, and strike braue boyes, and take your turnes,
There serue your lust, shadowed from heauens eye,
And reuell in *Lavinias* treasure.

Chiron. Thy counsell lad smells of no cowardize.

Demetrius. Sit fas aut nefas, till I finde the streame,
To coole this heate, a charme to calme these fits,
Per Stigia, per manes Vebor. Exeunt.

Enter *Titus Andronicus* and his three sonnes,
making a noyse with hounds & hornes.

Titus. The hunt is vp, the Moone is bright and gray,
The fieldes are fragrant, and the woods are greene,
Vncouple heere, and let vs make a bay,
And wake the Emperour, and his louely Bride,
And rowze the Prince, and ring a Hunters peale,
That all the court may eccho with the noyse.
Sonnes, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours person carefully:
I haue beene troubled in my sleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspirde.

Heere a cry of Houndes, and winde hornes in a peale, then
enter *Saturninus*, *Tamora*, *Bascianus*, *Lavinia*, *Chiron*,
Demetrius, and their Attendants.

Titus. Many good morrowes to your matchles,
Madame to you as many, and as good.
I promised your Grace a Hunters peale,

Saturn.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Saturnine. And you haue rung it lustily my Lords,
Somewhat too early for new married Ladies.

Basianus. *Lavinia*, how say you? (more.)

Lau. I say no: I haue beene broad awake two houres and

Saturnine. Come on then, horse and Chariots let vs haue,
And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,
Our Romaine hunting.

Marcus. I haue doggs my Lord,
Will rouse the proudest Panther in the chase,
And clime the highest promontary top.

Titus. And I haue horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes like swallows ore the plaine.

Demetrius. *Chiron* we hunt not we, with horse nor hound
But hope to pluck a dainty Doe to ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aron alone.

Moore. He that had wit, would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold vnder a tree,
And neuer after to inherite it.

Let him that thinks of me so abiectly,
Know that this gold must coine a stratageme,
Which cunningly effected will beget,
A very excellent peece of villany:
And so repose sweet gold for their vnrest,
That haue their almes out of the Empresse Chest.

Enter Tamora alone to the Moore.

Tamora. My louely *Aron*, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When euery thing doth make a gleefull boast?
The birds chaunt melody on euery bush,
The Snakes lies rolled in the chearefull sunne,
The greene leaues quier with the cooling wind,
And make a checkerd shadow on the ground:
Vnder their sweet shade, *Aron* let vs sit,
And whilst the babling Ecchoe mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well tun'd hornes,

of *Titus Andronicus*.

As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let vs sit downe and marke theyr yellowing noyse:
And after conflict such as was supposed
The wandering Prince and *Dido* once enioyed,
When with a happy storme they were surprisde,
And curtained with a counsaile-keeping Caue,
We may each wreathed in the others armes,
(Our pastimes done) possesse a golden slumber,
Whiles houndes and hornes, and sweet melodious birds
Be vnto vs as is a Nurces song
Of Lullabye, to bring her Babe a sleepe.

Aron. Madame, though *Venus* gouerne your desires,
Saturne is dominator ouer mine:

VVhat signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence, and my clowdy melancholie,
My fleece of woollie hayre that now vncurles,
Euen as an Adder when she doth vnrowle
To doe some fatall execution.
No madam, these are no veneriall signes,
Vengeance is in my hart, death in my hand,
Blood and reuenge are hammering in my head.
Harke *Tamora* the Empresse of my soule,
Which neuer hopes more heauen than rests in thee,
This is the day of doome for *Basianus*,
His *Philomel* must loose her tongue to day,
Thy sonnes make pillage of her chastitie,
And wash theyr hands in *Basianus* blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it vp I pray thee,
And giue the King this fatall plotted scrowle.
Now question me no more, we are espied,
Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull bootie,
Which dreads not yet their liues destruction.

Enter Basianus and Lavinia.

Tamora. Ah my sweet *Moore*, sweeter to me then life.

D.

Moore.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Moore. No more great Empresse, *Basianus* comes.
Be crosse with him, and Ile goe fetch thy sonnes
To backe thy quarrels what so ere they be.

Basianus. Who haue we here? Romes royall Empresse,
Vnfurnisht of her well beseeming troope?
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,

Who hath abandoned her holy Groues,
To see the generall hunting in this Forrest?

Tamora. Sawcie controuler of my priuate steps,
Had I the power that some say *Dian* had,
Thy temples should be planted presently,
With hornes as was *Aleons*, and the hounds,
Should driue vpon thy new transformed limbes,
Vnmannerly intruder as thou art.

Lavinia. Vnder your patience gentle Empresse,
Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in horning,
And to be doubted that your *Moore* and you,
Are singled forth to try experiments:

Ioue sheeld your husband from his houndes to day,
Tis pittie they should take him for a Stag.

Basianus. Beleeue me Queene your swartie Cymeron,
Doth make your honour of his bodies hue,
Spotted, detested, and abhominable.
VVhy are you sequestred from all your traine,
Dismounted from your snow white goodly steede,
And wandred hether to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous *Moore*,
If foule desire had not conducted you?

Lavinia. And beeing intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble Lord be rated
For faulnes, I pray you let vs hence,
And let her ioy her Rauens culloured loue,
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Basia. The King my brother shall haue notice of this.

Lavinia.

of Titus Andronicus.

Lavinia. I, for their slips haue made him noted long,
Good King to be so mightily abused.

Queene. VVhy I haue patience to indure all this.

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now deere soueraigne & our gracious mother,
VVhy doth your Highnes looke so pale and wan?

Queene. Haue I not reason thinke you to looke pale,
These two haue ticed me hether to this place,
A barren, detested vale you see it is,
The trees though Sommer, yet forlorne and leane,
Orecome with mosse and balefull Mistleto.
Here neuer shines the sunne, heere nothing breedes,
Vnlesse the nightly Owle or fatall Rauens:
And when they shewd me this abhorred pit,
They told me here at dead time of the night,
A thousand feends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toades, as many vrchins,
Would make such fearefull and confused cries,
As any mortall body hearing it
Should straite fall mad, or else die suddainely.

No sooner had they tolde this hellish tale,
But strait they told me they would binde me here,
Vnto the body of a dismall Ewgh,
And leaue me to this miserable death.

And then they calde me foule adulteresse,
Laucious Goth, and all the bitterest tearmes,
That euer eare did heare to such effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Reuenge it as you loue your Mothers life,
Or be ye not henceforth cald my children.

Demet. This is a witnes that I am thy sonne. *stab him.*

Chiron. And this for me struck home to shew my strength.

Lavinia. I come Semeramis, nay Barberous Tamora,

D 2

For

The most lamentable Tragedie

For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.

Tamora. Giue me the poynard, you shall know my boies,
Your mothers hand shall right your mothers wrong.

Demet. Stay Madam, heere is more belongs to her,
First thrash the corne, then after burne the straw:

This minion stood vpon her chastitie,
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie,
And with that painted hope, braues your mightines,
And shall she carry this vnto her graue.

Chiron. And if she doe, I would I were an Euenuke,
Drag hence her husband to some secrete hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tamora. But when ye haue the honny we desire,
Let not this waspe out-lie vs both to sting.

Chiron. I warrant you madam, we will make that sure:
Come mistris, now perforce we will enioy,
That nice preserued honestie of yours.

Lavinia. Oh *Tamora*, thou bearest a womans face.

Tamora. I will not heare her speake, away with her.

Lavinia. Sweet Lords intreate her heare me but a wold.

Demet. Listen faire Madam, let it be your glory
To see her teares, but be your hart to them
As vnrelenting Flint to drops of raine.

Lavinia. When did the Tigers young ones teach the dam,
O doe not learne her wrath, she taught it thee,
The milke thou suckst from her did turne to Marble,
Euen at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny,
Yet euery mother breeds not sonnes alike,
Doe thou intreate her shew a woman pittie. (bastard?)

Chiron. What wouldst thou haue me prooue my selfe a

Lavinia. Tis true the Rauens doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion moued with pittie did indure
To haue his princely pawes parde all away:

Some

of Titus Andronicus.

Some say that Ravens foster forlorne children,
The whilst their owne birds famish in their nests:
Oh be to me though thy hard hart say no,
Nothing so kind but something pittifull.

Tamora. I know not what it meanes, away with her.

Lavinia. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers sake,
That gaue thee life when well he might haue slaine thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deafe yeares.

Tamora. Hadst thou in person nere offended me,
Euen for his sake am I pittiflesse.

Remember boyes I powrd forth teares in vaine,
To saue your brother from the sacrifice,
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and vse her as you will,
The worse to her the better lou'd of me.

Lavinia. Oh *Tamora*, be call'd a gentle Queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
For tis not life that I haue begd so long,
Poore I was slaine when *Balsianus* dide.

Tamora. What begst thou then fond woman let me goe?

Lavinia. Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell,
Oh keepe me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some lothsome pit,
Where neuer mans eye may behold my body,
Doe this and be a charitable murderer.

Tamora. So should I rob my sweet sonnes of their fee,
No let them satisfie their lust on thee.

Demetrius. Away for thou hast staide vs heere too long.

Lavinia. No grace, no womanhood, ah beastly creature,
The blot and enemy to our generall name,
Confusion fall.

Chiron. Nay then ile stoppe your mouth, bring thou her (husband,
This is the hole where *Aron* bid vs hide him.

D 3

Tamora.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Tamora. Farewell my sonnes, see that you make her sure,
Nere let my hart know merry cheere indeede,
Till all the *Adronicie* be made away:
Now will I hence to seeke my louely *Moore*,
And let my spleenfull sonnes this Trull defloure.

Enter Aron, with two of Titus sonnes.

Come on my Lords, the better foote before,
Straight will I bring you to the lothsome pit,
Where I espied the Panther fast a sleepe.

Quintus. My sight is very dull what ere it bodes.

Mart. And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,
Well could I leaue our sport to sleepe a while.

Quin. What art thou fallen, what subtile hole is this,
Whose mouth is couered with rude growing briars,
Vpon whose leaues are drops of new shed blood,
As fresh as morning dewe distild on flowers,
A very fatall place it seemes to mee,

Speake brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Martius. Oh brother, with the dismalst obiekt hurt,
That euer eie with sight made hart lament.

Aron. Now will I fetch, the King to finde them heere,
That he thereby may haue a likely gesse,
How these were they that made away his brother. *Exit.*

Martius. Why doost not comfort me, and helpe me out
From this vn hollow, and blood stained hole.

Quintus. I am surprised with an vncouth feare,
A chilling sweat oreruns my trembling ioynts,
My hart suspects more then mine eye can see.

Mart. To proue thou hast a true diuining hart,
Aron and thou looke downe into this den,
And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.

Quintus. *Aron* is gone, and my compassionate hart,
VWill not permit mine eyes once to behold,
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.

Oh

of Titus Andronicus.

Oh tell me who it is, for nere tell now,
Was I a child, to feare I know not what.

Martius. Lord *Bassianus* lies embrewed heere,
All on a heape like to a slaughtred Lambe,
In this detested darke blood drinking pit.

Quintus. If it be darke how doost thou know tis hee.

Martius. Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare
A precious ring, that lightens all this hole:
VVhich like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine vpon the dead mans earthy cheekes,
And shewes the ragged intrailles of this pit:
So pale did shine the Moone on *Piramus*,
VVhen he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood,
O brother helpe me with thy fainting hand,
If feare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath.
Out of this fell deuouring receptacle,
As hatefull as *Ocius* mistie mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,
Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,
I may be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,
Of this deepe pit, poore *Bassianus* graue:

I haue no strength to plucke thee to the brinck,

Martius. Nor I no strength to clime without thy helpe.

Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not loose againe,
Till thou art heere a loft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

Enter the Emperour, and Aron the Moore.

Satur. Along with me, Ile see what hole is heere,
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth.

Martius. The vnhappy sonne of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a most vnluckie houre,

To

The most lamentable Tragedie

To finde thy brother *Basianus* dead.

Saturninus. My brother dead, I know thou dost but iest,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Vpon the north side of this pleasant chafe,
Tis not an houre since I left them there.

Mart. We know not where you left them all aliue,
But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tamora. Where is my Lord the King?

King. Heere *Tamora*, though green'd with killing griefe.

Tamora. Where is thy brother *Basianus*?

King. Now to the bottome dost thou search my wound,
Poore *Basianus* heere lies murdered.

Tamora. Then all too late I bring this fatall writ.
The complot of this timelesse Tragedy,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleasing smiles such murderons tyrannie.

She giueth Saturnine a Letter.

Saturninus reads the Letter.

*And if we misse to meete him handsomly,
Sweet huntsman Bascianus tis we meane,
Doe thou so much as dig the grane for him,
Thou know'st our meaning, looke for thy reward,
Among the Nettles at the Elder tree,
Which ouer-shades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bascianus,
Doe this and purchase vs thy lasting friends.*

King. Oh *Tamora* was euer heard the like,
This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
Looke sirs if you can finde the huntsman out,
That should haue murdered *Basianus* heere.

Aron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of gold.

King.

of *Titus Andronicus*.

King. Two of thy whelpes, fell curs of bloody kinde,
Haue here bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the prison,
There let them bide vntill we haue deuisd
Some neuer heard of tortering paine for them.

Tamora. What are they in this pit, oh wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discouered.

Titus. High Emperour, vpon my feeble knee,
I beg this boone, with teares not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sonnes,
Accursed, if the faultes be prou'd in them.

King. If it be prou'de, you see it is apparant,
VWho found this letter, *Tamora* was it you?

Tamora. *Andronicus* himselfe did take it vp.

Titus. I did my Lord, yet let me be their baile,
For by my Fathers reuerent tombe I vow
They shall be ready at your Highnes will,
To aunswere theyr suspition with theyr liues.

King. Thou shalt not baile them, see thou follow me.
Some bring the murdered body, some the murtherers,
Let them not speake a word, the guilt is plaine,
For by my soule, were there worse end then death,
That end vpon them should be executed.

Tamora. *Andronicus* I will intreat the King,
Feare not thy sonnes, they shall doe well enough.

Titus. Come *Lucius* come, stay not to talke with them.

*Enter the Empresse sonnes, with Lavinia, her bandes cut
off, & her tongue cut out, and rauisht.*

Demet. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can speake,
Who twas that cut thy tongue and rauisht thee.

Chiron. Write downe thy minde, bewray thy meaning so,
And if thy stumpe will let thee play the scribe.

Demet. See how with signes & tokens she can scrowle.

Chiron. Goe home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

E.

Demet.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Deme. Shee hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash,
And so lets leaue her to her silent walkes.

Chiron. And twere my cause, I should goe hang my selfe.

Demet. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

Enter Marcus from hunting.

Who is this, my Neece that flies away so fast,

Cosen a word, where is your husband:

If I doe dreame would all my wealth would wake me.

If I doe wake, some Planet strike me downe,

That I may slumber in eternall sleepe.

Speake gentle Neece, what sterne vngentle hands,

Hath lopt, and hewde, and made thy body bare,

Of her two branches those sweet ornaments

Whose circling shadowes, Kings haue sought to sleepe in,

And might not gaine so great a happines

As halfe thy loue: Why doost not speake to me?

Alas, a crimson riuer of warme blood,

Like to a bubling Fountaine stird with winde,

Doth rise and fall betweene thy Rosed lips,

Comming and going with thy honnie breath.

But sure some *Tereus* hath defloured thee,

And least thou shouldst detect them, cut thy tongue.

Ah now thou turnst away thy face for shame,

And notwithstanding all this losse of blood,

As from a Conduit with theyr issuing spouts,

Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as *Titans* face,

Blushing to be encountred with a clowde.

Shall I speake for thee, shall I say tis so.

Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beast,

That I might raile at him to ease my minde.

Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen stopt,

Doth burne the hart to cinders where it is.

Faire *Philomela*, why she but lost her tongue,

And in a tedious sampler sowed her minde.

But

of Titus Andronicus.

But louely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,

A craftier *Tereus*, Cosen hast thou met,

And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,

That could haue better sowed then *Philomel*.

Oh had the monster seene those Lilly hands,

Tremble like Aspen leaues vpon a Lute,

And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,

He would not then haue toucht them for his life.

Or had he heard the heauenly Harmony,

Which that sweete tongue hath made:

He would haue dropt his knife and fell a sleepe,

As *Cerberus* at the Thracian Poets feete.

Come let vs goe, and make thy Father blind,

For such a sight will blind a Fathers eye.

One houres storme wil drowne the fragrant meades,

What will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?

Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee,

Oh could our mourning ease thy misery.

Exeunt.

Enter the Iudges and Senatours with Titus two sonnes bound, passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before pleading.

Titus. Heare me graue Fathers, noble Tribunes stay,

For pittie of mine age, whose youth was spent

In dangerous warres, whilst you securely slept.

For all my blood in Romes great quarrell shed,

For all the frosty nights that I haue watcht,

And for these bitter teares which now you see,

Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,

Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,

Whose soules is not corrupted as tis thought.

For two and twenty Sonnes I neuer wept,

Because they died in honours lofty bed,

Andronicus lieth downe, and the Iudges passe by him.

E 2.

For

The most lamentable Tragedie

For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
My harts deepe languor, and my soules sad teares:
Let my teares stanch the earths drie appetite,
My sonnes sweet blood will make it shame and blush:
O earth, I will befriend thee more with raine
That shall distill from these two antient ruines,
Than youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres,
In Sommers drought, Ile drop vpon thee still,
In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the snow,
And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drinke my deere sonnes blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawne.

Oh reuerent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men
Vnbinde my sonnes, reuerse the doome of death,
And let me say, (that neuer wept before)
My teares are now preuailing Oratours.

Lucius. Oh noble Father, you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes heare you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.

Titus. Ah *Lucius*, for thy brothers let me plead,
Graue Tribunes, once more I intreate of you.

Lucius. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speak.

Titus. Why tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me, or if they did marke,
They would not pittie me, yet pleade I must,
And bootlesse vnto them.

Therefore I tell my sorrowes to the stones,
Who though they cannot answere my distresse,
Yet in some sort they are better then the Trybunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I doe weepe, they humble at my feete
Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,
And were they but attired in graue weedes,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these:

of Titus Andronicus.

A stone is soft as waxe, *Tribunes* more hard than stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And *Tribunes* with their tongues doome men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawne?

Lucius. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Iudges haue pronounst,
My euerlasting doome of banishment.

Titus. O happy man, they haue befriended thee:
Why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceauce
That Rome is but a vvildernes of Tygers?
Tygers must pray, and Rome affords no pray
But me and mine, how happy art thou then,
From these deuourers to be banished.

But who comes with our brother *Marcus* heere?

Enter Marcus with Lavinia.

Marcus. *Titus*, prepare thy aged eyes to weepe,
Or if not so, thy noble hart to breake:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Titus. Will it consume me? Let me see it then.

Marcus. This was thy Daughter.

Titus. Why *Marcus* so she is.

Lucius. Aye me, this Obiect kills me.

Titus. Faint-harted-boy, arise and looke vpon her,
Speake *Lavinia*, what accursed hand,
Hath made thee handlelesse in thy Fathers sight?
What foole hath added water to the Sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My griefe was at the height before thou camst,
And now like *Nylus* it disdaineth bounds.
Giue me a sword, ile chop off my hands too,
For they haue fought for Rome, and all in vaine:
And they haue nurst this woe, in feeding life:
In bootlesse prayer haue they beene held vp,
And they haue seru'd me to effectlesse vse.

E 3

Now

The most lamentable Tragedie

Now all the seruice I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other.
Tis well *Lavinia* that thou hast no handes,
For handes to doe Rome seruice, is but vaine.

Lucius. Speake gentle sifter, who hath martred thee.

Marcus. Oh that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blabd them with such pleasing eloquence.
Is torne from forth that prettie hollow cage,
Where like a sweet mellodious bird it sung,
Sweet varied notes inchaunting every eare.

Lucius. Oh say thou for her, who hath done this deede?

Marcus. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the Deare
That hath receaude some vnrecuring wound.

Titus. It was my Deare, and he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more then had he kild me dead:

For now I stand as one vpon a Rock,
Inuironed with a wildernes of Sea,
Who markes the waxing tide, grow waue by waue,
Expecting euer when some enuious surge,
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone,
Here stands my other sonne, a banisht man,
And heere my brother weeping at my woes:
But that which giues my soule the greatest spurne,
Is deere *Lavinia*, deerer than my soule.

Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,
It would haue madded me: what shall I doe,
Nowe I behold thy liuely body so?

Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martred thee:
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemnde, and dead by this.
Looke *Marcus*, ah sonne *Lucius* looke on her,

When

of Titus Andronicus.

When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares
Stoode on her cheekes, as doth the honny dew,
Vpon a gathred Lillie almost withered. (husband,

Marcus. Perchance she weepes because they kild her
Perchance, because shee knowes them innocent.

Titus. If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,
Because the Law hath tane reuenge on them.

No, no, they would not doe so foule a deede,
Witnes the sorrow that their sifter makes.

Gentle *Lavinia*, let me kisse thy lips,
Or make some signe how I may doe thee ease:
Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother *Lucius*

And thou and I sit rounde about some Fountaine,
Looking all downewards to behold our cheekes

How they are stainde in Meadowes yet not drie,
With mierie slime left on them by a flood?

And in the Fountaine shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that cleerenes,

And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?

Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dombe shewes
Passe the remainder of our hatefull dayes?

What shall we doe? let vs that haue our tongues
Plot some deuise of further miserie

To make vs wondred at in time to come.

Luci. Sweet father cease your teares, for at your greefe
See how my wretched sifter sobs and weepes.

Mar. Patience deere Neece, good *Titus* dry thine eyes.

Titus. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother well I wote,
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,

For thou poore man hast drownd it with thine owne.

Lucius. Ah my *Lavinia*, I will wipe thy cheekes.

Titus. Marke *Marcus*, marke, I vnderstand her signes,
Had she a tongue to speake, now would she say

That

The most lamentable Tragedie

That to her brother, which I said to thee.
His Napkin with her true teares all bewet,
Can doe no seruice on her sorrowfull cheekes.
Oh what a simpathy of woe is this,
As farre from helpe, as Limbo is from blisse.

Enter Aron the Moore alone.

Moore. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperour,
Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy sonnes,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy selfe old *Titus*,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand
And send it to the King, he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sonnes aliue,
And that shall be the raunsome for their fault.

Titus. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aron*,
Did euer Rauens sing so like a Larke,
That giues sweete tydings of the Sunnes vprise?
With all my hart, ile send the Emperour my hand,
Good *Aron* wilt thou helpe to chop it off?

Lucius. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serue the turne,
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall saue my brothers liues.

Marcus. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And reard aloft the bloody Battleaxe,
Wrighting destruction on the enemies Castle?
Oh none of both, but are of high desert:
My hand hath beene but idle, let it serue
To raunsome my two Nephewes from their death,
Then haue I kept it to a worthy end.

Moore. Nay come agree whose hand shall goe along,
For feare they die before their pardon come.

Marcus. My hand shall goe.

Lucius. By heauen it shall not goe.

Titus

of Titus Andronicus.

Titus. Sirs strue no more, such withred hearbes as these
Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.

Lucius. Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.

Marcus. And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,
Now let me show a brothers loue to thee.

Titus. Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.

Lucius. Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.

Marcus. But I will vse the Axe. *Exeunt.*

Titus. Come hether *Aron*, Ile deceiue them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine.

Aron. If that be calde deceite, I will be honest,
And neuer whilst I liue deceiue men so:
But Ile deceiue you in another sort,
And that youle say ere halfe an houre passe.

Hee cuts off Titus hand.

Enter Lucius and Marcus againe.

Titus. Now stay your strife, what shal be is dispatch:
Good *Aron* giue his Maiestie my hand,
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers, bid him bury it,
More hath it merited: that let it haue:
As for my sonnes, say I account of them,
Asiewels purchast at an easie price,
And yet deere too, because I bought mine owne.

Aron. I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,
Looke by and by to haue thy sonnes with thee.
Their heads I meane: Oh how this villanie,
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.
Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace,
Aron will haue his soule blacke, like his face.

Exit.

Titus

F.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Titus. O here I lift this one hand vp to heauen,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched teares,
To that I call: what would thou kneele with me?
Doe then deere hart, for heauen shall heare our prayers,
Or with our sighs wele breath the welkin dimme,
And staine the sunne with fogge, as sometime clowdes,
VVhen they doe hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marcus. Oh brother speake with possibilitie,
And doe not breake into these deepe extreames.

Titus. Is not my sorrow deepe hauing no bottome?
Then be my passions bottomlesse with them.

Marcus. But yet let reason gouerne thy lament.

Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I binde my woes:
When heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow?
If the windes rage, doth not the sea waxe mad,
Threatning the vvelkin with his bigswolne face?
And wilt thou haue a reason for this coile?
I am the sea. Harke how her sighes doe flow:
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moued with her sighes,
Then must my earth with her continuall teares,
Become a deluge: ouerflowed and drowned:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then giue me leaue, for loofers will haue leaue,
To ease theyr stomacks with theyr bitter tongues.

Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand.

Messeng. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,
For that good hand thou sentst the Emperour:
Here are the heads of thy two noble sonnes.

And

of Titus Andronicus.

And heres thy hand in scorne to thee sent backe:
Thy griefe theyr sports: Thy resolution mockt:
That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my fathers death. *Exit.*

Marcus. Now let hote *Aetna* coole in *Cycilie*,
And be my hart an euer-burning hell:
These miseries are more then may be borne.
To weepe with them that weepe, doth ease some deale,
But sorrow flouted at, is double death.

Lucius. Ah that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrinke thereat:
That euer death should let life beare his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breath.

Marcus. Alas poore hart, that kisse is comfortlesse,
As frozen water to a starued snake.

Titus. When will this fearefull slumber haue an end?

Marcus. Now farewell flattery, die *Andronicus*,
Thou doost not slumber, see thy two sonnes heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter heere:
Thy other banisht sonne with this deere sight
Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,
Euen like a stony image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more will I controwle my griefes,
Rent off thy siluer haire, thy other hande
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight
The closing vp of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storme, why art thou still?

Titus. Ha, ha, ha.

Marcus. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this houre.

Titus. Why I haue not another teare to shed;
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would vsurpe vpon my watry eyes,
And make them blinde with tributarie teares.
Then which way shall I finde *Reuenges* Caue.

F 2

For

The most lamentable Tragedie

For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me,
And threat me, I shall neuer come to blisse,
Till all these mischiefes be returnd againe,
Euen in their throates that haue committed them.
Come let me see what taske I haue to doe,
You heauie people, circle me about.
That I may turne me to each one of you,
And sweare vnto my soule to right your wrongs,
The vowe is made, come Brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I beare.
And *Launina* thou shalt be imployde in these Armes,
Beare thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth:
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
Hie to the *Gothes*, and raise an armie there,
And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,
Lets kisse and part, for we haue much to doe.

Exeunt.

Lucius. Farewell *Andronicus* my noble Father:
The wofulst man that euer liued in Rome:
Farewell proude Rome till *Lucius* come againe,
He loues his pledges dearer than his life:
Farewell *Launina* my noble sister,
O would thou wert as thou to fore hast beene,
But now nor *Lucius* nor *Launina* liues,
But in obliuion and hatefull greefes:
If *Lucius* liue, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proude *Saturnine* and his Empreffe
Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queene.
Now will I to the *Gothes* and raise a power,
To be reuengd on Rome and *Saturnine*.

Exit Lucius.

Enter

of Titus Andronicus.

*Enter Lucius sonne and Launina running after him, and
the boy flies from her with his bookes vn-
der his arme.*

Enter Titus and Marcus.

Puer. Helpe Grandfier helpe, my Aunt *Launina*,
Followes me euery where, I know not why.

Good Vncle *Marcus* see how swift she comes,
Alas sweet aunt, I know not what you meane.

Mar. Stand by me *Lucius*, doe not feare thine aunt.

Titus. She loues thee boy too well to do thee harme.

Puer. I when my Father was in Rome she did.

Mar. What meanes my Neece *Launina* by these signes.

Titus. Feare her not *Lucius*, somewhat doth she meane.

See *Lucius* see, how much shee makes of thee:

Some whether would she haue thee goe with her.

A boy, *Cornelia* neuer with more care

Red to her sonnes than she hath red to thee,

Sweet Poetrie, and Tullies Oratour:

Canst thou not gesse wherefore shee plies thee thus.

Puer. My Lord, I know not I, nor can I gesse,

Vnlesse some fit or frenzie doe possesse her:

For I haue heard my Grandfier say full oft,

Extremite of greeues would make men mad.

And I haue red that *Hecuba* of Troy,

Ran mad for sorrow, that made me to feare

Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,

Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,

And would not but in furie fright my youth,

Which made me downe to throw my bookes and flie,

Causelesse perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,

And Madam, if my Vncle *Marcus* goe,

F 3

I

The most lamentable Tragedie

I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.

Mar. *Lucius* I will.

Titus. How now *Lavinia*, *Marcus* what meanes this?

Some booke there is that shee desires to see:

Which is it gyrl of these, open them boy,

But thou art deeper read and better skild,

Come and take choyse of all my Librarie,

And so beguile thy sorrow, tell the heauens

Reueale the damn'd contriuer of this deede.

VVhy lifts she vp her armes in sequence thus?

Mar. I thinke she meanes that there were more than one

Confederate in the fact, I more there was:

Or else to heauen she heaues them for reuenge:

Titus. *Lucius* what booke is that she tosseth so?

Puer. Grandfier tis Ouids Metamorphosis,

My mother gaue it mee.

Mar. For loue of her thats gone,

Perhaps she culd it from among the rest.

Titus. Soft, so busilie shee turnes the leaues,

Helpe her, what would she finde? *Lavinia* shall I read?

This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel*,

And treates of *Terens* treason and his rape,

And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy,

Mar. See brother see, note how she quotes the leaues,

Titus. *Lavinia*, wert thou thus surpriz'd sweet gyrl?

Rauisht and wrongd as *Philomela* was,

Forc'd in the ruthlesse, vast, and gloomie woods;

See, see, I such a place there is where we did hunt,

(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there)

Patternd by that the Poet here describes,

By nature made for murthers and for rapes,

Mar. O why should nature build so foule a den,

Vnlesse the Gods delight in tragedies,

Tit. Giue signes sweet girle, for here are none but friends,

VVhat

of Titus Andronicus.

VVhat Romaine Lord it was durst doe the deede?

Or slonke not *Saturnine* as *Tarquin* erst,

That left the Campe to finne in *Lucrece* bed.

Mar. Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe, by mee,

Appollo, *Pallas*, *Ioue*, or *Mercurie*,

Inspire me that I may thys treason finde,

My Lord looke heere, looke heere *Lavinia*,

*He writes his Name with his Staffe, and guides it
with feete and mouth.*

Thys sandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canst

This after mee, I haue writ my name,

VVithout the helpe of any hand at all.

Curst be that hart that forst vs to this shift:

Write thou good Neece, and heere display at last,

VVhat God will haue discouered for reuenge,

Heauen guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine,

That we may know the traytors and the truth.

*Shee takes the Staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her
stumps and writes.*

Oh doe yee read my Lord what she hath writ,

Stuprum, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.

Marcus. What, what, the lustfull sonnes of *Tamora*,

Performers of this haynous bloody deede.

Titus. *Magni Dominator poli,*

Tam lentus audis scelera, tam lentus vides?

Mar. Oh calme thee gentle Lord, although I know

There is enough written vpon this earth,

To stirre a mutinie in the mildest thoughts,

And arme the mindes of infants to exclaymes,

My Lord kneele downe with me, *Lavinia* kneele,

And

The most lamentable Tragedie

And kneele sweet boy, the Romaine Hectors hope,
And sweare with me as with the wofull feere,
And father of that chaste dishonoured Dame,
Lord *Iulius Brutus* sweare for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will prosecute by good aduice
Mortall reuenge vpon these trayterous Gothes,
And see their blood, or die with this reproch.

Titus. Tis sure enough, and you knew how,
But if you hunt these Beare whelpes, then beware,
The Dam will wake, and if shee winde you once,
Shee's with the Lion deeply still in league,
And lals him whilst shee plaieth on her back.
And when he sleepes, will she doe what she list.
You are a young huntsman *Marcus*, let alone,
And come I will goe get a leafe of brasse,
And with a gad of Steele will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry Northen winde,
Will blow these sands like *Sibels* leaues abroad,
And vwheres you lesson then, boy what say you?

Puer. I say my Lord that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoake of Rome.

Marcus. I thats my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngratefull Country done the like.

Puer. And Vnckle, so will I, and if I liue.

Titus. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall my boy
Shall carrie from me to the Empreffe sonnes,
Presents that I intend to send them both:

Come, come, thoult doe thy message wilt thou not?

Puer. I with my dagger in theyr bosomes Grandfier.

Titus. No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,
Lavinia come, *Marcus* looke to my house,
Lucius and Ile goe braue it at the Court,

of *Titus Andronicus*.

I marry will we fir, and wee be waited on. *Exeunt.*

Mar. O heauens, can you heare a good man grone
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus attend him in his extasie,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his hart,
Than foe-mens markes vpon his battred shield,
But yet so iust, that he will not reuenge,
Reuenge the heauens for old *Andronicus*. *Exit.*

Enter Aron, Chiron, and Demetrius at one doore, and
at another doore young *Lucius* and another, with a
bundle of weapons, and verses writ vpon them.

Chiron. *Demetrius*, here's the sonne of *Lucius*,
He hath some message to deliuer vs.

Aron. I some mad message from his mad Grandfather.

Puer. My Lords, with all the humblenes I may,
I greete your Honours from *Andronicus*,
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.

Demet. Gramarcie louely *Lucius*, what the newes.

Puer. That you are both discipherd, thats the newes,
For villaines markt with rape. May it please you,
My Grandfier well aduisde hath sent by me,
The goodliest weapons of his Armorie,
To gratefie your honourable youth

The hope of Rome, for so he bid me say:
And so I doe, and with his gifts present
Your Lordships, when euer you haue neede,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leaue you both: Like bloody villaines. *Exit.*

Deme. What's here? a scrole, and written round about,
Lets see,

Integer vite scelerisque purus, non eget mauri iaculis nec arcus.

Chiron. O tis a verse in *Horace* I know it well,

G.

The most lamentable Tragedie

I read it in the Grammer long agoe.

Aron. I iust, a verse in *Horace*, right you haue it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Asse.
Her's no sound iest, the old man hath found theyr gilt,
And sendes them weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound beyond theyr feeling to the quick:
But were our wittie Empresse well a foote,
Shee would applaud *Andronicus* conceit,
But let her rest in her vnrest a while.
And now young Lords, wast not a happy starre,
Led vs to Rome strangers, and more than so
Captiues, to be aduanced to this height:
It did me good before the pallace gate,
To braue the Tribune in his bothers hearing.

Demet. But me more good to see so great a Lord,
Basely insinuate, and send vs gifts.

Aron. Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius*,
Did you not vse his daughter very friendly?

Demet. I would we had a thousand Romane Dames
At such a bay, by turne to serue our lust.

Chiron. A charitable wish, and full of loue.

Aron. Here lacks but your mother for to say Amen.

Chiron. And that would she for twentie thousand more.

Deme. Come let vs goe and pray to all the Gods
For our beloued mother in her paines.

Aron. Pray to the deuils the gods haue giuen vs ouer.

Trumpets sound.

Dem. Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus?

Chiron. Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a sonne.

Deme. Soft, who comes heere.

Enter Nurse with a blacke a Moore child.

Nur. God morrow Lords, o tell me did you see *Aron* the

Aron. Wel, more or lesse, or nere a whit at all, (Moore
Heere

of Titus Andronicus.

Here *Aron* is, and what with *Aron* now?

Nurse. Oh gentle *Aron*, we are all vndone,
Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore.

Aron. Why what a catterwaling doost thou keepe,
what doost thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?

Nurse. O that which I would hide from heauens eye,
Our Empresse shame, and stately Romes disgrace,
Shee is deliuered Lords, she is deliuered.

Aron. To whom.

Nurse. I meane she is brought a bed.

Aron. Well god giue her good rest, what hath hee sent

Nurse. A deuill. (her?)

Aron. Why then she is the deuils Dam, a ioyfull issue,

Nurse. A ioyles, dismall, black, and sorrowfull issue,

Here is the babe as loathsome as a toade,
Amongst the fairefast breeders of our clime,
The Empresse sendes it thee, thy stampe, thy seale,
And bids thee christen it with thy daggers poynt.

Aron. Zounds ye whore, is blacke so base a hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beautilous blossome sure.

Deme. Villaine what hast thou done?

Aron. That which thou canst not vndoe.

Chiron. Thou hast vndone our mother.

Aron. Villaine, I haue done thy mother.

Deme. And therein hellish dog thou hast vndone her,
Woe to her chaunce, and damde her loathed choice,
Accurst the offspring of so foule a fiend.

Chiron. It shall not liue,

Aron. It shall not die.

Nurse. *Aron* it must, the mother wils it so.

Aron. VVhat must it *Nurse*? then let no man but I.
Doe execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. Ile broach the tadpole on my Rapiers poynt,
Nurse giue it me, my sword shall soone dispatch it.

G 2



Aron

The most lamentable Tragedie

Aron. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels vp,
Stay murderous villaines, will you kill your brother?
Now by the burning rapors of the skie,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies vpon my Semitars sharpe point,
That touches this my first borne sonne and heire:
I tell you yonglings, not *Enceladus*,
With all his threatening band of *Typhons* broode,
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of warre,
Shall ceaze this pray out of his fathers hands:
What, what, yee sanguine shallow harted boies,
Yee white-limbe walls, ye ale-house painted signes,
Cole-blacke is better then another hue,
In that it scornes to beare another hue:
For all the water in the Ocean,
Can neuer turne the Swans blacke legs to white,
Although shee laue them howrely in the flood:
Tell the Empresse from me I am of age
To keepe mine owne, excuse it how she can.

Deme. Wilt thou betray thy noble Mistris thus.

Aron. My mistris is my mistris, this my selfe,
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world doe I preferre,
This mauger all the world will I keepe safe,
Or some of you shall smoake for it in Rome.

Deme. By this our mother is for euer shamde.

Chiron. Rome will despise her for this foule escape.

Nurse. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.

Chiron. I blush to thinke vpon this ignomie.

Aron. Why there's the priuiledge your beautie beares:
Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of thy hart:
Heer's a young Lad framde of another leere,
Looke how the blacke slaue smiles vpon the father,

As

of Titus Andronicus.

As who should say, old Lad I am thine owne.
He is your brother Lords, sensibly fed
Of that selfe blood that first gaue life to you,
And from your wombe where you imprisoned were,
He is infranchized, and come to light:
Nay he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seale be stamped in his face.

Nurse. *Aron*, what shall I say vnto the Empresse.

Demetrius. Aduise thee *Aron*, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy aduise:
Saeue thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aron. Then sit we downe and let vs all consult,
My sonne and I will haue the wind of you:
Keepe there, now talke at pleasure of your safety.

Demetrius. How many women saw this child of his?

Aron. Why so braue Lords, when we ioyne in league
I am a Lambe, but if you braue the *Moore*,
The chafed Bore, the mountaine *Lyonesse*,
The Ocean swels not so as *Aron* stormes:
But say againe, how many saw the child.

Nurse. *Cornelia* the Midwife and my selfe,
And no one else but the deliuered Empresse.

Aron. The Empresse, the Midwife, and your selfe,
Two may keepe counsell when the third's away:
Goe to the Empresse, tell her this I said. *He kills her.*
Weeke, weeke, so cries a Pigge prepared to the spit.

Deme. What mean'st thou *Aron*, wherefore didst thou this?

Aron. O Lord sir, tis a deede of pollicie,
Shall she liue to betray this gilt of ours?
A long tongu'd babling Gossip, no Lords, no:
And now be it knowne to you my full intent.
Not farre, one *Muliteus* my Country-man
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
His child is like to her, faire as you are:

G 3

Got

The most lamentable Tragedie

Goe packe with him, and giue the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their child shall be aduunst,
And be receiued for the Emperours heyre,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calme this tempest whirling in the Court,
And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.
Harke yee Lords, you see I haue giuen her phisick,
And you must needs bestow her funerall,
The fieldes are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:
This done, see that you take no longer dayes
But send the Midwife presently to me.
The Midwife and the Nurse well made away.
Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.

Chiron. Aron, I see thou wilt not trust the ayre with secrets.

Deme. For this care of *Tamora*,

Her selfe, and hers are highly bound to thee. *Exeunt.*

Aron. Now to the *Gothes*, as swift as swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in mine armes,
And secretly to greet the Empreffe friendes:
Come on you thick-lipt-slaue, Ile beare you hence,
For it is you that puts vs to our shifts:
Ile make you feede on berries, and on rootes,
And feede on curds and whay, and sucke the Goate,
And cabbin in a Caue, and bring you vp,
To be a warriour and commaund a Campe. *Exit.*

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other gentlemen with bowes, and Titus beares the arrowes with Letters on the endes of them.

Titus. Come *Marcus*, come, kinsmen this is the way,
Sir boy let me see your archerie,
Looke yee draw home enough and tis there straight,

Terras

of *Titus Andronicus*.

Terras *Astrea* reliquit, be you remembred *Marcus*.
Shee's gone, shees fled, firs take you to your tooles,
You *Cosens* shall goe sound the Ocean,
And cast your nets, happily you may catch her in the sea,
Yet ther's as little iustice as at Land:
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you must doe it,
Tis you must dig with mattocke and with spade,
And pierce the inmost center of the earth,
Then when you come to *Plutoes* Region,
I pray you deliuer him this petition,
Tell him it is for iustice and for ayde,
And that it comes from olde *Andronicus*,
Shaken with sorrowes in vngratefull Rome.
Ah Rome, well, well, I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the peoples suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize ore mee.
Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
And leaue you not a man of warre vnsearcht,
This wicked Emperour may haue shipt her hence,
And kinsmen then we may goe pipe for iustice.

Marcus. O *Publius*, is not this a heauie case
To see thy noble Vnkle this distract?

Publius. Therfore my Lords it highly vs concernes,
By day and night t'attend him carefully:
And feede his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some carefull remedie.

Marcus. Kinsmen, his sorrowes are past remedie.
Ioyne with the *Gothes*, and with reuengefull warre,
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traytour *Saturnine*.

Titus. *Publius* how now, how now my Maisters,
VVhat haue you met with her?

Publius. No my good Lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,
If you will haue reuenge from hell you shall,

Marrie.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Marrie for Iustice she is so imployd,
He thinks with *Ioue* in heauen, or some where else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Titus. He doth me wrong to feede me with delayes,
He diue into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of *Acaron* by the heeles.

Marcus we are but shrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bond-men fram'd of the Cyclops size,
But mettall *Marcus*, Steele to the very backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can beare:
And sith there's no iustice in earth nor hell,
We will sollicite heauen and moue the Gods,
To send downe Iustice for to wreake our wrongs:
Come to this geare, you are a good Archer *Marcus*,

He giues them the Arrowes.

Ad Iouem, that's for you, here *ad Apollonem*,

Ad Martem, that's for my selfe,

Here boy to *Pallas*, here to *Mercury*,

To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,

You were as good to shoote against the wind.

Too it boy, *Marcus* loose when I bid,

Of my word I haue written to effect,

There's not a God left vnfollicited.

Marcus. Kindsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.

Titus. Now Maisters draw, oh well said *Lucius*,
Good boy in *Virgoes* lap, giue it *Pallas*.

Marcus. My Lord, I aime a mile beyond the Moone,
Your letter is with *Iupiter* by this.

Titus. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus* hornes.

Marcus. This was the sport my Lord, when *Publius* shot,
The Bull being gald, gaue *Aries* such a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,

And

of *Titus Andronicus*.

And who should finde them but the Empreſſe villaine:
Shee laught, and tolde the Moore he should not chooſe
But giue them to his maister for a present.

Titus. VVhy there it goes, God giue his Lordship ioy.

Enter the Clowne with a basket and two pidgions in it.

Titus. Newes, newes from heauen,

Marcus the poast is come.

Sirra what tydings, haue you any letters,

Shall I haue iustice, what sayes *Iupiter*?

Clowne. Ho the liebbetmaker? hee sayes that hee hath ta-
ken them downe againe, for the man must not be hangd till
the next weeke.

Titus. But what sayes *Iupiter* I aske thee?

Clowne. Alas sir, I know not *Iupiter*?

I neuer dranke with him in all my life.

Titus. Why villaine, art not thou the Carrier?

Clowne. I of my pidgions sir, nothing els.

Titus. VVhy, didst thou not come from heauen?

Clowne. From heauen, alas sir, I neuer came there,
God forbid I should bee so bolde, to presse to heauen in my
young dayes.

Why I am going with my pidgeons to the tribunall Plebs, to
take vp a matter of brawle betwixt my Vncle, and one of
the Emperialls men.

Marcus. Why sir, that is as fit as can be to serue for your
Oration, and let him deliuer the pidgeons to the Emperour
from you.

Titus. Tell mee, can you deliuer an Oration to the Em-
perour with a grace.

Clowne. Nay truly sir, I coulde neuer say grace in all my
life.

Titus. Sirra come hither, make no more adoe,

H.

But

The most lamentable Tragedie

But giue your Pidgions to the Emperour,
By me thou shalt haue iustice at his hands,
Hold, hold, meane while here's money for thy charges,
Giue me pen and inke.

Sirra, can you with a grace deliuer a Supplication?

Clowne. I sir.

Titus. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you
come to him, at the first approach you must kneele, then kisse
his foote, then deliuer vp your Pidgions, and then looke for
your rewarde. Ile be at hand sir, see you doe it braue-
lie.

Clowne. I warrant you sir, let mee alone.

Titus. Sirra hast thou a knife? Come let me see it.

Here *Marcus*, fold it in the Oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant.
And when thou hast giuen it to the Emperour,
Knocke at my doore, and tell me what he sayes.

Clowne. God be with you sir, I will. *Exit.*

Titus. Come *Marcus* let vs goe, *Publius* follow me.

Exeunt.

*Enter Emperour and Empresse, and her two sonnes, the
Emperour brings the Arrowes in his hand
that Titus shot at him.*

Satur. Why Lordes what wrongs are these, was euer scene,
An Emperour in Rome thus ouer-borne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egall iustice, vsde in such contempt.
My Lords you know the mightfull Gods,
How euer these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples eares, there nought hath past,
But euen with law against the wilfull sonnes

Of

of Titus Andronicus.

Of old Andronicus. And what and if
His sorrowes haue so ouerwhelmde his wits?
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitternes?
And now he writes to heauen for his redresse,
See here's to *Ioue*, and this to *Mercurie*,
This to *Apollo*, this to the God of warre:
Sweet scrowles to flie about the streets of Rome,
Whats this but libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our vniustice euery where,
A goodly humor, is it not my Lords?
As who would say, in Rome no iustice were.
But if I liue, his fained extasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages,
But he and his shall know that iustice liues
In *Saturninus* health, whom if he sleepe,
Hele so awake, as he in furie shall,
Cut off the proud'st conspiratour that liues.

Tamora. My gracious Lord, my louely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, commaunder of my thoughts,
Calme thee, and beare the faults of *Titus* age,
Th'effects of sorrow for his valiant sonnes,
Whose losse hath pearst him deepe, and skard his hart,
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts: Why thus it shall become
He witted *Tamora* to glose with all,
But *Titus* I haue touched thee to the quick,
Thy life blood out: if *Aron* now be wise,
Then is all safe, the Anchor in the port.

Enter Clowne.

How now good fellow, wouldst thou speake with vs?

Clowne. Yea forsooth, & your Misterhip be Emperiall.

H 2

Tamo.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Tamora. Empresse I am, but yonder sits the Emperour.
Clowne. Tis he, God and Saint Stephen giue you godden,
 I haue brought you a letter and a couple of pidgins heere.

Hee reades the Letter.

Satur. Goe take him away, and hang him presently?
Clowne. How much money must I haue.
Tamora. Come sirra you must be hanged.
Clowne. Hangd be Lady, then I haue brought vp a necke
 to a faire end.

Exit.

Satur. Dispightfull and intollerable wrongs,
 Shall I endure this monstrous villanie?
 I know from whence this same deuise proceedes.
 May this be borne, as if his trayterous sonnes,
 That dyde by law for murder of our brother,
 Haue by my meanes been butchered wrongfully.
 Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,
 Nor age, nor honour, shall shape priuiledge,
 For this proude mocke, Ile be thy slaughter man,
 Sly franticke wretch, that holpst to make me great,
 In hope thy selfe should gouerne Rome and mee.

Enter Nuntius Emillius.

Satur. What newes with thee *Emillius*?
Emillius. Arme my Lords, Rome neuer had more cause,
 The Gothes haue gathered head, and with a power
 Of high resolved men, bent to the spoyle,
 They hither march amaine, vnder conduct
 Of *Lucius*, sonne to old *Andronicus*,
 Who threatens in course of this reuenge to doe

of Titus Andronicus.

As much as euer *Coriolanus* did.

King. Is warlike *Lucius* Generall of the Gothes,
 These tydings nip me, and I hang the head
 As flowers with frost, or grasse beate downe with stormes:
 I now begins our sorrowes to approach,
 Tis he the common people loue so much,
 My selfe hath often heard them say,
 When I haue walked like a priuate man,
 That *Lucius* banishment was wrongfully,
 And they haue wisht that *Lucius* were their Emperour.

Tamora. Why should you feare, is not your Citty strong?

King. I but the Cittizens fauour *Lucius*,
 And will reuolt from me to succour him.

Tamora. *King*, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
 Is the Sunne dimd, that Gnats doe flie in it,
 The Eagle suffers little birds to sing,
 And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
 Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
 He can at pleasure stint their melody.
 Euen so mayest thou the giddy men of Rome,
 Then cheare thy spirit, for know thou Emperour,
 I will enchaunt the old *Andronicus*,
 With words more sweet and yet more dangerous
 Then baites to fish, or honey stalks to sheepe,
 When as the one is wounded with the baite,
 The other rotted with delicious feede.

King. But he will not intreate his sonne for vs.

Tamora. If *Tamora* intreate him than he will,
 For I can smooth and fill his aged eares,
 With golden promises, that were his hart
 Almost impregnable, his old yeares deafe,
 Yet should both eare and hart obey my tongue.
 Goe thou before to be our Embassadour,
 Say that the Emperour requests a parly,

H 3

Of

The most lamentable Tragedie

Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting,
Euen at his Fathers house the old *Andronicus*.

King. Emilius doe this message honourably,
And if he stand in hostage for his safety,
Bid him demaund what pledge will please him best.

Emilius. Your bidding shall I doe effectually.

Exit.

Tamora. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the Art I haue,
To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike *Goths*.
And now sweet Emperour be blith againe,
And bury all thy feare in my deuises.

Saturnine. Then goe successantly and pleade to him.

Exeunt.

*Enter Lucius with an Armie of Gothes, with
Drums and Souldiers.*

Lucius. Approued warriors, and my faithfull friends,
I haue receaued letters from great Rome,
Which signifies what hate they beare their Emperour,
And how desirous of our fight they are.
Therefore great Lords be as your titles witnes,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any skath,
Let him make trebble satisfaction.

Goth. Braue slip sprung from the great *Andronicus*,
Whose name was once our terrour, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt,
Be bold in vs weele follow where thou leadst,
Like stinging Bees in hottest Sommers day,
Led by their Maister to the flowred fields,
And be aduengd on cursed *Tamora*:

And

of Titus Andronicus.

And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Lucius. I humbly thanke him and I thank you all,
But who comes heere led by a lusty *Goth*?

*Enter a Goth leading of Aron with his child
in his armes.*

Goth. Renowmed *Lucius* from our troupes I straid,
To gaze vpon a ruinous Monasterie,
And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye,
Vpon the wasted building suddainly,
I heard a child cry vnderneath a wall,
I made vnto the noise, when soone I heard,
The crying babe controld with this discourse:
Peace tawny slaue, halfe me, and halfe thy dam,
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mothers looke,
Villaine thou mightst haue beene an Emperour.
But where the Bull and Cow are both milke white,
They neuer doe beget a cole-blacke Calfe:
Peace villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,
For I must beare thee to a trusty *Goth*,
Who when he knowes thou art the Empreffe babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mothers sake.
With this my weapon drawne I rusht vpon him
Surprizd him suddainly, and brought him hither
To vse as you thinke needfull of the man.

Lucius. Oh worthy *Goth*, this is the incarnate deuill,
That robd *Andronicus* of his good hand,
This is the Pearle that pleasd your Empreffe eye,
And here's the base fruite of her burning lust,
Say wall-eyd slaue whither wouldst thou conuay,
This growing Image of thy fiendlike face,
Why doost not speake? what deafe, not a word?

A

The most lamentable Tragedie

A halter Souldiers, hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruite of Bastardie.

Aron. Touch not the boy, he is of Royall blood.

Lucius. Too like the fier for euer being good,
First hang the child that he may see it sprall,
A sight to vex the Fathers soule withall.

Aron. Get me a ladder, *Lucius* saue the child,
And beare it from me to the Empresse:
If thou doe this, ile shew thee wondrous things,
That highly may aduantage thee to heare,
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
Ile speake no more, but vengeance rot you all.

Lucius. Say on, and if it please me which thou speakst,
Thy child shall liue, and I will see it nourisht.

Aron. And if it please thee? why assure thee *Lucius*,
I will vex thy soule to heare what I shall speake:
For I must talke of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abhominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villanies,
Ruthfull to heare, yet pitteously performd,
And this shall all be buried in my death,
Vnlesse thou sweare to me my child shall liue.

Lucius. Tell on thy mind, I say thy child shall liue.

Aron. Sweare that he shall, and then I will begin,

Lucius. Who should I sweare by, thou beleueest no God,
That graunted, how canst thou beleue an oath.

Aron. What if I doe not, as indeede I doe not,
Yet for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I haue seene thee carefull to obserue,
Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know,
An Ideot holds his bauble for a God,
And keepes the oath which by that God he sweares,

To

of Titus Andronicus.

To that Ile vrge him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God so ere it be
That thou adorest, and hast in reuerence,
To saue my boy, to nourish and bring him vp,
Or else I will discouer nought to thee.

Lucius. Euen by my God I sweare to thee I will.

Aron. First know thou, I begot him on the Empresse,

Lucius. Oh most insatiate and luxurious woman.

Aron. Tut *Lucius*, this was but a deede of charitie,
To that which thou shalt heare of me anon,
Twas her two sonnes that murdered *Bassianus*,
They cut thy sisters tongue and rauisht her,
And cut her hands, and trimd her as thou sawest.

Lucius. Oh detestable villaine, callst thou that trimming.

Aron. Why she was washt, and cut, and trimd,
And twas trim sport for them that had the dooing of it.

Lucius. Oh barbarous beastly villaines like thy selfe.

Aron. Indeed I was their tutor to instruct them,
That coddling spirit had they from theyr mother,
As sure a carde as euer wone the set:
That bloody minde I thinke they learnd of me,
As true a dog as euer fought at head:

VVell, let my deedes be witnes of my worth,
I traynde thy brethren to that guilefull hole,
Where the dead corps of *Bassianus* lay:
I wrote the Letter that thy Father found,
And hid the gold within the Letter mentioned,
Confederate with the Queene, and her two sonnes.
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it,
I playd the cheater for thy Fathers hand,
And when I had it, drew my selfe a part,
And almost broke my hart with extreame laughter,
I pried me through the creuic of a wall,

I

When

The most lamentable Tragedie

VVhen for his hand he had his two sonnes heads,
Beheld his teares, and laught so hartily,
That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:
And when I told the Empreſſe of thys ſport,
Shee ſounded almoſt at my pleaſing tale,
And for my tydings gaue me twenty kiſſes.

Goth.

VVhat canſt thou ſay all this, and neuer bluſh.

Aron.

I like a blacke dogge as the ſaying is.

Lucius.

Art thou not ſorry for theſe hainous deedes.

Aron.

I that I had not doone a thouſand more,
Euen now I curſe the day, and yet I thinke
Few come within the compaſſe of my curſe,
Wherein I did not ſome notorious ill,
As kill a man, or elſe deuife his death,
Rauish a mayde, or plot the way to doe it,
Accuſe ſome innocent, and forſweare my ſelfe,
Set deadly enmitie betweene two friends,
Make poore mens cattle breake theyr necks,
Set fire on Barnes and hayſtacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their teares:
Oft haue I digd vp dead men from theyr graues,
And ſet them vpriſt at their deere friends doore,
Euen when their ſorrowes almoſt was forgot,
And on theyr ſkinnes, as on the barke of trees,
Haue with my knife carued in Romaine letters,

Let

of Titus Andronicus.

Let not your ſorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I haue done a thouſand dreadfull thinges
As willingly as one would kill a flie,
And nothing greeues me hartily indeede,
But that I cannot doe tenne thouſand more.

Lucius. Bring downe the deuill, for he muſt not die
So ſweet a death as hanging preſently.

Aron. If there be deuils, would I were a deuill,
To liue and burne in euerlaſting fire,
So I might haue your company in hell
But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

Lucius. Sirs ſtop his mouth, and let him ſpeake no more.

Enter Emilius.

Goth. My Lord there is a meſſenger from Rome
Deſires to be admitted to your preſence.

Lucius. Let him come neere.

VVelcome *Emilius*, what's the newes from Rome?

Emil. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the Gothes,
The Romaine Emperour greets you all by mee,
And for he vnderſtands you are in Armes,
He craues a parley at your Fathers houſe
Willing you to demaund your hoſtages,
And they ſhall be immediatly deliuered.

Goth. What ſayes our Generall?

Lucius. *Emilius*, let the Emperour giue his pledges
Vnto my Father, and my Vncle *Marcus*,
And we will come, march away.

Enter Tamora, and her two ſonnes diſguiſed.

Tamora. Thus in this ſtrange and ſad habillament,
I will encounter with *Andronicus*.

I 2.

And

The most lamentable Tragedie

And say, I am Reuenge sent from below,
To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs,
Knocke at his study where they say he keepes,
To ruminat strange plots of diere Reuenge,
Tell him Reuenge is come to ioyne with him,
And worke confusion on his enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his studie doore.

Titus. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore,
That so my sad decrees may flie away,
And all my study be to no effect.
You are deceau'd, for what I meane to doe,
See heere in bloody lines I haue set downe.
And what is written shall be executed.

Tamora. *Titus,* I am come to talke with thee.

Titus. No not a word, how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to giue that accord,
Thon hast the ods of me therefore no more.

(*me.*)

Tamora. If thou didst knowe me thou wouldst talke with

Titus. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Wi nes this wretched stump, witnes these crimson lines,
Witnes these trenchers made by grieve and care,
Witnes the tiring day and heauy night,
Witnes all sorrow that I know thee well
For our proud Empresee, mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy comming for my other hand.

Tamora. Know thou sad man, I am not *Tamora*,
Shee is thy enemy, and I thy friend,
I am Reuenge sent from th' infernall Kingdome,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakefull vengeance on thy foes:

Come

of Titus Andronicus.

Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
Conferre with me of murder and of death,
There's not a hollow Caue or lurking place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murder or detested rape,
Can couch for feare but I will finde them out,
And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,
Reuenge which makes the foule offender quake.

Titus. Art thou Reuenge? and art thou lent to me,
To be a torment to thine enemies.

Tamora. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me?

Titus. Doe me some seruice ere I come to thee,
Loe by thy side where Rape and Murder stands,
Now giue some surance that thou art Reuenge,
Stab them, or teare them on thy Chariot wheelles,
And then ile come and be thy Waggoner,
And whirle along with thee about the Globes.
Prouide thee two proper Palfrayes, black as Iet,
To hale thy vengefull Waggon swift away,
And finde out murder in their guilty cares.
And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the Waggon wheele,
Trot like a seruile footeman all day long,
Euen from *Epeons* rising in the East,
Vntill his very downfall in the Sea.
And day by day ile doe this heauy taske,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tamora. These are my ministers and come with me.

Titus. Are them thy ministers, what are they call'd?

Tamora. Rape and Murder, therefore called so,
Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Titus. Good Lord how like the Empresee Sonnes they are,
And you the Empresee, but we worldly men
Haue miserable mad mistaking eyes:

13

Oh

The most lamentable Tragedie

Oh sweet Reuenge, now doe I come to thee,
And if one armes imbracement will content thee,
I will imbrace thee in it by and by.

Tamora. This closing with him fits his Lunacie,
What ere I forge to feede his braine-sicke fits,
Doe you vphold, and maintaine in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Reuenge,
And being credulous in this mad thought,
He make him send for *Lucius* his sonne,
And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
He finde some cunning practise out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddie Gothes,
Or at the least make them his enemies:
See heere he comes, and I must ply my theame.

Titus. Long haue I been forlorne and all for thee,
Welcome dread Furie to my woefull house,
Rapine and Murther you are welcome too,
How like the Empresse and her sonnes you are,
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore,
Could not all hell afford you such a deuill?
For well I wote the Empresse neuer wags
But in her company there is a Moore.
And would you represent our Queene aright,
It were conuenient you had such a deuill:
But welcome as you are, what shall we doe?

Tamora. What wouldst thou haue vs doe *Andronicus*?

Deme. Show me a murtherer ile deale with him.

Chiron. Show me a villaine that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reuengde on him.

Tamora. Show me a thousand that haue done thee wrong,
And I will be reuenged on them all.

Titus. Looke round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou findest a man that's like thy selfe,
Good Murther stab him, hee's a murtherer.

Goe

of *Titus Andronicus*.

Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To finde another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine stab him, he is a rauisher.
Goe thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
There is a Queene attended by a Moore,
Well maist thou know her by thine owne proportion,
For vp and downe she doth resemble thee.
I pray thee doe on them some violent death,
They haue beene violent to me and mine.

Tamora. VVell hast thou lessond vs, this shall we doe,
But would it please thee good *Andronicus*,
To send for *Lucius* thy thrice valiant sonne,
Who leades towards *Rome* a band of warlike Gothes,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house,
When hee is heere, euen at thy solemne feast,
I will bring in the Empresse and her sonnes,
The Emperour himselfe, and all thy foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoope and kneele,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry hart:
What sayes *Andronicus* to this deuise?

Enter *Marcus*.

Titus. *Marcus* my brother, tis sad *Titus* calls,
Goe gentle *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lucius*,
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothes,
Bid him repaire to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest Princes of the Gothes,
Bid him encampe his souldiers where they are.
Tell him the Emperour and the Empresse too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them,
This doe thou for my loue, and so let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life.

Mar. This will I doe, and soone returne againe.

Tamora.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Tamora. Now will I hence about thy busines,
And take my ministers along with me.

Titus. Nay, nay, let rape and murder stay with me,
Or els Ile call my brother backe againe,
And cleaue to no reuenge but *Lucius.*

Tam. What say you boyes, will you bide with him,
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
How I haue gouern'd our determin'd iest,
Yeede to his humour, smooth and speake him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne againe.

Titus. I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will ore-reach them in theyr owne deuises,
A payre of cursed hell hounds and theyr Dame.

Deme. Madam depart at pleasure, leaue vs heere.

Tamora. Farewell *Andronicus*, Reuenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Titus. I know thou doost, and sweet Reuenge farewell.

Chiron. Tell vs old man, how shall we be imployd,

Titus. Tnt I haue worke enough for you to doe.

Publius come hether, *Caius*, and *Valentine*,

Publius. What is your will.

Titus. Know you these two?

Pub. The Empreffe sonnes I take thē, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.

Titus. Fie *Publius* fie, thou art too much deceaude,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore binde them gentle *Publius*,
Caius and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,
Oft haue you heard me wish for such an houre,
And now I finde it, therefore binde them sure,
And stop theyr mouthes if they begin to cry.

Chiron. Villaines forbear, we are the Empreffe sonnes.

Publius. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouthes, let them not speake a word,
Is he sure bound, looke that you binde them fast.

Enter

of Titus Andronicus.

Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lavinia
with a Basen.

Titus. Come, come, *Lavinia*, looke thy foes are bound,
Sirs stop theyr mouthes, let them not speake to me,
But let them heare what fearefull words I vtter.
Oh villaines, *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,
Here stands the spring whom you haue stain'd with mud,
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
You kild her husband, and for that vild fault,
Two of her brothers were condemnd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry iest,
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more deere
Than hands or tongue, her spotlesse chastitie,
Inhumaine traytors you constraind and forst.
What would you say if I should let you speake?
Villaines for shame you could not beg for grace.
Harke wretches how I meane to marter you,
This one hand yet is left to cut your throates
Whilst that *Lavinia* tweene her stumps doth hold,
The Basen that receaues your guiltie blood.
You know your Mother meanes to feast with me,
And calls herselfe Reuenge, and thinks me mad.
Harke villaines, I will grinde your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, Ile make a paste,
And of the paste a coffen I will reare,
And make two pasties of your shamefull heads,
And bid that strumpet your vnhalloved Dam,
Like to the earth swallow her owne increafe.
This is the feast that I haue bid her too,
And this the banquet she shall surfet on,
For worse than *Philomel* you vsde my daughter,
And worse than *Progne* I will be reueng'd.

K.

And

The most lamentable Tragedie

And now prepare your throates, *Lavinia* come,
Receave the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grinde theyr bones to powder small,
And with this hatefull liquour temper it,
And in that paste let theyr vile heads be bakt,
Come, come, be every one officious,
To make this banket, which I wish may proue
More sterne and bloody than the Centaurs feast.

He cuts their throates.

So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
And see them readie against theyr Mother comes.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

Lucius. Vnckle *Marcus*, since tis my Fathers minde
That I repaire to Rome, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine, befall what Fortune will.

Lucius. Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous *Moore*,
This rauinous Tiger, this accursed deuill,
Let him receave no sustnance, fetter him,
Tell he be brought vnto the Empreffe face,
For testemonie of her foule proceedings,
And see the Ambush of our friends be strong,
I feare the Emperour meanes no good to vs.

Moore. Some deuill whisper curses in mine eare,
And prompt me, that my tongue may vtter forth,
The venomous mallice of my swelling hart.

Lucius. Away inhumane dogge, vnhalloved slaue,
Sirs, helpe our vnckle to conuay him in,
The trumpets shewe the Emperour is at hand.

*Sound trumpets. Enter Emperour and Empreffe, with
Tribunes and others.*

King. What hath the firmament moe sunnes than one?

Lucius.

of Titus Andronicus.

Lucius. What bootes it thee to call thy selfe a sunne?

Marcus. Romes Emperour and Nephew break the parle,
These quarrels must be quietly debated,
The feast is ready which the carefull *Titus*,
Hath ordainde to an honourable end,
For peace, for loue, for league and good to Rome,
Please you therefore draw nie and take your places.

Empe. *Marcus* we will.

*Sound trumpets, enter Titus like a Cooke, placing the meate on
the table, and Lavinia with a vaile over her face.*

Titus. Welcom my gracious Lord, welcom dread Queene,
Welcome yee warlike *Gothes*, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all although the cheere bee poore,
Twill fill your stomachs, please you eate of it.

King. Why art thou thus attired *Andronicus*?

Titus. Because I would be sure to haue all well,
To entertaine your highnes and your Empreffe,

Tam. We are beholding to you good *Andronicus*.

Titus. And if your highnes knew my hart you were,
My Lord the Emperour resolue me this,
Was it well doone of rash *Virginus*
To slay his daughter with his owne right hand,
Because shee was enforst, staine, and deflowrde?

King. It was *Andronicus*.

Titus. Your reason mightie Lord.

King. Because the girle should not suruiue her shame,
And by her presence still renue his sorrowes.

Titus. A reason mighty, strong, and effectuell,
A patterne, president, and liuely warrant,
For the most wretched to performe the like,
Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy Fathers sorrow die.

King. What hast thou done, ynnaturall and vnkinde,

K 2.

Titus

The most lamentable Tragedie

Tit. Kild her for whom my teares haue made me blind.
I am as wofull as *Virginus* was,
And haue a thousand times more cause then he,
To doe this outrage, and it now is done.

King. What was she rauisht, tell who did the deede.

Titus. Wilt please you eate, wilt please your highnes feed.

Tam. Why hast thou slaine thine onely daughter thus?

Titus. Not I, twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*.

They rauisht her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, twas they, that did her all this wrong.

King. Goe fetch them hether to vs presently,

Titus. Why there they are both, baked in that pie,
Whereof theyr mother daintilie hath fed
Eating the flesh that she herselfe hath bred.

Tis true, tis true, witnes my kniues sharpe point.

He stabs the Emperesse.

Empe. Die franticke wretch for this accursed deede.

Lucius. Can the sonnes eye behold his father bleede?
There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deede.

Marcus. You sad facde men, people and sons of Rome,
By vprores seuerd as a flight of fowle,
Scattered by windes and high tempestious gusts,
Oh let me teach you how to knit againe
This scattred corne into one mutuall sheaffe,
These broken limbs againe into one body.

Roman Lord. Let Rome herselfe be bane vnto herselfe,
And shee whom mightie kingdoms curse too,
Like a forlorne and desperate cast away,
Doe shamefull execution on herselfe.
But if my frostie signes and chaps of age,
Graue witnessles of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speake Romes deere friend, as erst our Ancestor,

When

of *Titus Andronicus*.

When with his solemne tongue he did discourse
To loue-sicke *Didoes* sad attending eare,
The story of that balefull burning night,
When subtile Greekes surprizd King *Priams* Troy.
Tell vs what *Sinon* hath bewitcht our eares,
Or who hath brought the fatall engine in
That giues our Troy, our Rome the ciuill wound.
My hart is not compact of flint nor Steele,
Nor can I vtter all our bitter grieve,
But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie,
And breake my vttrance euen in the time,
When it should moue you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration,
Heere is a Captaine, let him tell the tale,
Your harts will throb and weepe to heare him speake.

Lucius. Then noble auditory be it knowne to you,
That cursed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Were they that mured our Emperours brother,
And they it were that rauished our sister,
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our Fathers teares despisd, and basely coufend,
Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
And sent her enemies vnto the graue.
Lastly my selfe vnkindly banished,
The gates shut on me and turnd weeping out,
To beg reliefe among Romes enemies,
Who drownd their enmity in my true teares,
And opt their armes to imbrace me as a friend,
I am the turned forth be it knowne to you,
That haue preferud her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosome tooke the enemies point,
Sheathing the Steele in my aduentrous body.
Alas you know I am no vaunter I,
My scars can witnes dumb although they are,

K 3

That

The most lamentable Tragedie

That my report is iust and full of truth,
But soft, me thinks I doe digresse too much,
Cyting my worthlesse praise, Oh pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marcus. Now is my turne to speake, behold the child,
Of this was *Tamora* deliuered,
The issue of an irreligious *Moore*,
Chiefe architect and plotter of these woes,
The villaine is aliue in *Titus* house,
And as he is to witnes this is true,
Now iudge what course had *Titus* to reuenge.

These wrongs vnspokeable past patience,
Or more than any liuing man could beare.
Now you haue heard the truth, what say you *Romaines*?
Haue we done ought amisse, shew vs wherein,
And from the place where you behold vs now,
The poore remainder of *Andronicie*
Will hand in hand all headlong cast vs downe,
And on the ragged stones beate forth our braines,
And make a mutuall closure of our house:
Speake *Romaines* speake, and if you say we shall,
Loe hand in hand *Lucius* and I will fall.

Emilius. Come come thou reuerent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperour for well I know,
The common voyce doe cry it shall be so.

Marcus. *Lucius*, all haile Romes royall Emperour,
Goe goe into old *Titus* sorrowfull house,
And hither hale that misbeleeuing *Moore*,
To be adiudge some direfull slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Gouvernour.

Lucius. Thanks gentle *Romaines* may I gouerne so,
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe,

But

of *Titus Andronicus.*

But gentle people giue me ayme a while,
For nature puts me to a heauie taske,
Stand all a loofe, but Vnkle draw you neere,
To shed obsequious teares vpon this trunk,
Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips,
These sorrowfull drops vpon thy blood slaine face,
The last true duties of thy noble sonne.

Marcus. Teare for teare, and louing kisse for kisse,
Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips,
Oh were the summe of these that I should pay,
Countlesse and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Lucius. Come hither boy come, come and learne of vs
To melt in showers, thy Grandfire lou'd thee well,
Many a time he daunst thee on his knee,
Sung thee a sleepe, his louing breast thy pillow,
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meete and agreeing with thine infancie,
In that respect then, like a louing child.
Shed yet some sinall drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so,
Friends should associate friends in grieve and woe.
Bid him farewell, commit him to the graue,
Doe them that kindnes, and take leaue of them.

Puer. Oh Grandfire, Grandfire, eu'n with all my hart.
Would I were dead so you did liue againe,
O Lord I cannot speake to him for weeping,
My teares will choake me if I ope my mouth.

Romaine. You sad *Andronicie* haue done with woes,
Giue sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath beene breeder of these dire euent.

Lucius. Set him breast deepe in earth and famish him,
There let him stand and raue and cry for foode,
If any one releues or pitties him,
For the offence he dies, this is our doome.

Some

The most lamentable Tragedie

Some stay to see him fastned in the earth.

Aron. Ah why should wrath be mute and fury dumb,
I am no baby I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I haue done,
Ten thousand worse than euer yet I did,
Would I performe if I might haue my will,
If one good deede in all my life I did
I doe repent it from my very soule.

Lucius. Some louing friends conuay the Emperour hence,
And giue him buriall in his Fathers graue,
My Father and *Lavinia* shall forthwith
Be closed in our households monument:
As for that hainous Tiger *Tamora*,
No funerall right, nor man in mourning weeds,
No mournfull bell shall ring her buriall.
But throw her forth to beasts and birds to pray,
Her life was beastly and deuoid of pittie,
And being so, shall haue like want of pittie.
See iustice done on *Aron* that damn'd Moore,
By whom our heauie haps had their beginning:
Than afterwards to order well the state,
That like euents may nere it ruinate.

FINIS.

